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MONTHLY CHRONICLE

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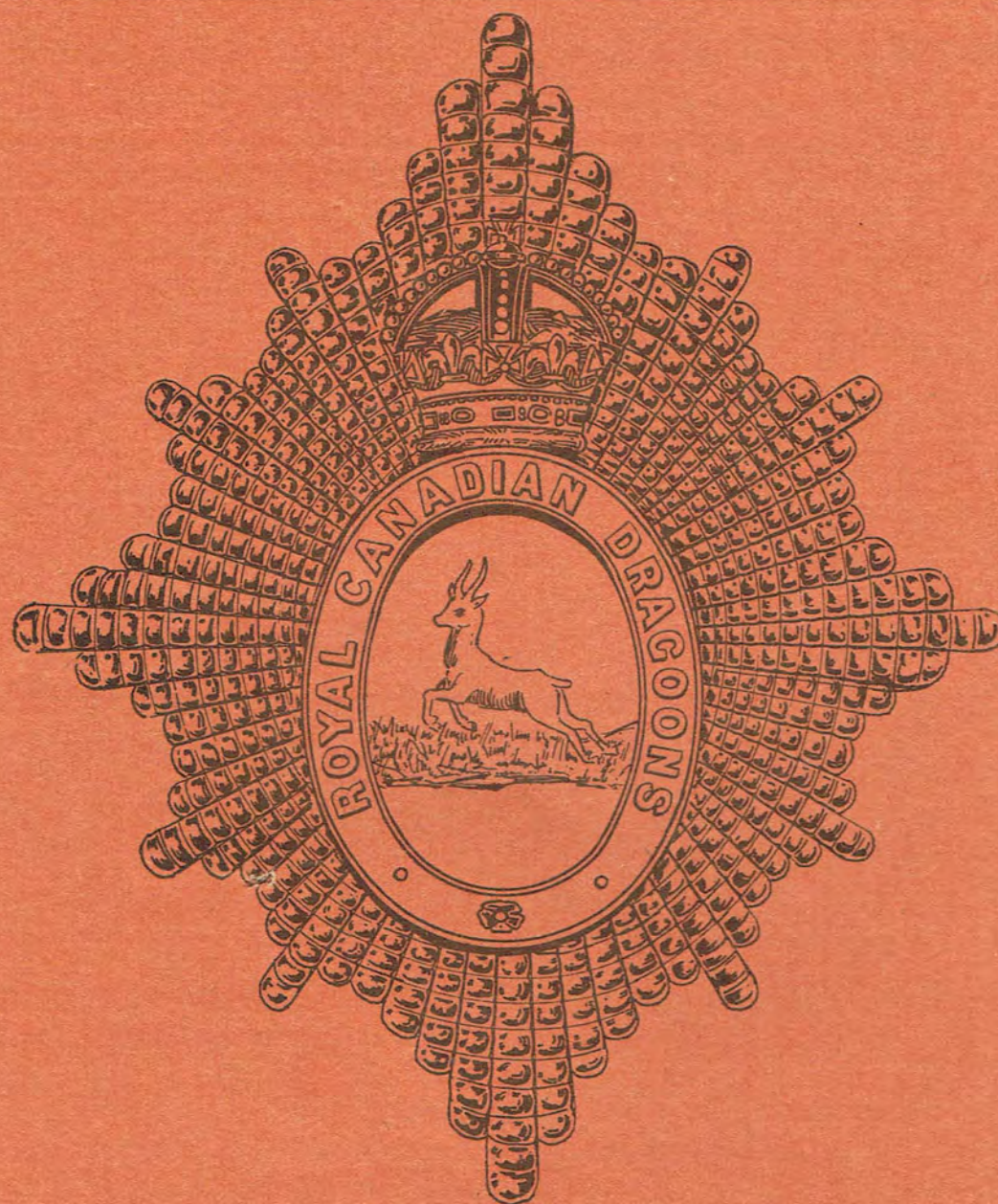
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"B" SQUADRON, ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS, 1916.



Front Row (left to right)— S.SM. Copeland, Major Timmis, Sgt. Tamlyn.  
Rear Row—Sgt. Martin, Sgt. Jones.



## Personal & Regimental

(St. Johns)

The anniversary of the Armistice was fittingly observed by the Garrison at St. Johns. The annual Garrison church parade took place on Sunday, November 7th, at the Anglican Church, where a memorial service was held. The service was conducted by the Rev. Mr. Andrews, who served during the war in the artillery and has since been ordained to holy orders and is at present the rector of Clarenceville, Que. He spoke in a most impressive manner, the theme of his sermon being "Man is bought with a price," and pointed out that everything we possess in our spiritual, national or personal lives was originally obtained for a price, and in many cases by the price of sacrifice, either on our own part or on the part of those who have gone before us. It is our duty to ensure that that price has not been expended in vain. After the offertory a short silence was observed, followed by the rendering of the "Dead March in Saul" on the organ. Last Post and Reveille was then sounded by the trumpeters of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, followed by the National Anthem. During the service a beautiful solo, "Rock of Ages," was feelingly rendered by Mrs. C. R. Hill.

On Monday, Thanksgiving Day, an Armistice memorial ceremony was held under the auspices of the St.-Johns-Iberville branch of the Canadian Legion. "D" Co., R.C.R., furnished a guard of honour.

On November 11th the Garrison paraded in line on the barracks square opposite the memorial clock and tablet for the purpose of observing the nation-wide two minutes' silence. The ceremony was brief but impressive, the garrison being called to attention as the first stroke of 11 sounded from the memorial clock, the striking of the clock was followed by the Last Post, after which the two minutes' silence was observed. Wreaths from the Officers', Sergeants' and Men's Fesses were then affixed to the clock and tablet, and the ceremony completed by the stirring notes of Reveille.

On Monday evening, November 8th, a most delightful gathering of the Permanent Force took place in the form of a dinner party given at the Sherbrooke Apartments, Montreal, by Brig.-Gen. W. B. M. King, C.M.G., D.S.O., V.D., for the officers of the Permanent Force

of Military District No. 4 and their wives. Those present included Colonel J. T. E. Gagnon, O.B.E., R.C.A.P.C., and Mrs. Gagnon, Col. M. A. Piche, V.D., R.C.A.V.C., and Mrs. Piche, Lieut.-Col. B. C. White, O.B.E., R.C.O.C., and Mrs. White, Lieut.-Col. K. M. Perry, D.S.O., The R.C.R., G.S.O. M. D. No. 4, and Mrs. Perry, Lieut.-Col. H. Chasse, D.S.O., M.C., Rl. 22nd Regiment, and Mrs. Chasse, Lieut.-Col. J. K. Keefler and Mrs. Keefler, Major J. V. Williams, M.C., R.C.A.M.C., and Mrs. Williams, Capt. R. E. Balders, M.C., R.C.R., and Mrs. Balders, Capt. G. B. Howard, R.C.O.C., and Mrs. Howard, Capt. A. G. Routier, M.C., Royal 22nd Regiment, and Mrs. Routier, Capt. M. H. A. Drury, R.C.D., and Mrs. Drury, Mrs. L. D. Hamond, Nursing Sister F. H. Wylie, R.R.C., R.C.A.M.C., Col. K. Cameron, C.M.G., V.D., C.A.M.C., Capt. A. Nicholls, M.C., R.C.R., Capt. G. F. Berteau, R.C.D., and Capt. M. J. Joyce, R.C.A.S.C.

The St. Johns contingent motored to Montreal in three cars and naturally did not return until the small hours of the morning.

Letters and cards have been received from Major and Mrs. Bowie, announcing their safe arrival in England. They report a very rough but otherwise uneventful crossing.

Miss Ivy Nicholls, daughter of Capt. A. Nicholls, R.C.R., who is attending St. Mark's School, Toronto, visited St. Johns over the thanksgiving holiday as the guest of Capt. and Mrs. Drury.

On Saturday, November 6th, we were favoured with a visit from the officers of the French and Belgian International Officers' Jumping Teams, who had landed in Montreal that day enroute to the Royal Winter Fair at Toronto. They motored down to St. Johns, accompanied by Brig.-Gen. King and Lt.-Col. Chasse, and dined in the Officers' Mess. An informal dance was arranged in their honour but to our great regret they were forced to leave us at about 10 p.m. in order to catch the evening train for Toronto.

The following officer and other ranks have been attending the recent courses at the Royal School of Cavalry at St. Johns. P/Major B. C. Hutchinson, 17th D.Y. R.C.H., for field officers' course, Lieuts. J. D. Schofield, 8th P.L. (N.B.) Hussars; R. B. Scott, 7th Hussars; L. N. Clinch, N.B.D., for the subalterns' course; Capt. G. U. Francoeur, Regiment de Mais-

## NOTICE

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onneuve, and Lieut. E. Samson, Regiment de Levis, for proficiency in riding, and Sgt. W. F. Parkins, 8th Hussars, for the N.C.O.'s class.

A number of junior N.C.O.'s and Troopers of "A" Squadron, R.C.D., also attended the classes for Permanent Force N.C.O.'s qualifications.

Capt. H. Wyatt, Johnston, 17th D.Y.R.C.H., recently spent several days at the Cavalry Barracks.

Capt. and Mrs. M. Drury, Mrs. Colin Campbell and Capt. A. Nicholls, M.C., from St. Johns, attended the Armistice Ball at the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, on November 10th.

Our congratulations to Farrier-Sergeant "Umps" Taylor and Mrs. Taylor on the arrival of a baby daughter.

Mrs. W. D. Manning recently returned from abroad where she has spent the summer visiting her parents in England.

Mrs. G. F. Berteau and Miss Geraldine Berteau have arrived from Toronto, and the Berteau family have now taken up their residence at 16 Jacques Cartier Street, St. Johns. We again express our delight and pleasure in having them with us.

Major F. Sawers, M.C., who is at present attending the Refresher Course at the R.M.C., Kingston, spent Thanksgiving week-end at

the Cavalry Barracks.

Capt. and Mrs. L. D. Hammond and family have been in Toronto attending the Royal Winter Fair. Mrs. Hammond and family have now returned to St. Johns and Capt. Hammond has proceeded to Ottawa to compete in the Winter Fair in that city.

## Old Comrades.

The Old Comrades Association smoking concert held at Stanley Barracks on Saturday, November 6th, at 8 p.m., by the kind permission of Colonel Walker Bell, D.S.O., was once again an unqualified success. The attendance, not quite as large as on the first occasion, was very satisfactory and truly representative of the association, members from every year of the regiment's existence being present.

The gathering met in the gymnasium, which was suitably decorated for the occasion. Old friendships were renewed, old times brought to mind, and the spirit of comradeship and esprit-de-corps of which the regiment and the association are justly proud was again the keynote of the evening.

An excellent programme, entirely by past and present members of the regiment, was provided. The proceedings opened with the singing of the National Anthem, followed by one minute's silence in memory of our fallen comrades, after which, under the genial lead-



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ership of Mr. Musgrave at the piano, several choruses were sung. Sergeant Buell then presented some marvellous balancing feats. His performance was outstanding feature, and the ease with which every part of his act was done from the balancing of a cigarette paper on his nose to a sword or rifle on his forehead, or a ladder crowned with a hat, cane and five chairs on one, hand brought hearty applause from all. The incidental music during this and most of the accompanying for the songs rendered during the remainder of the programme was artistically played by Trumpeter-Major Travers. Then followed a very pleasing pipe solo by ex-Sergeant Thompson, after which Jock Henderson pleased the audience with a couple of Scotch songs.

Colonel Walker Bell then welcomed the members in a few well-chosen words, and congratulated the association on its growth and activities. He conveyed to the meeting expressions of interest and good wishes from General Lessard and General Williams, both of whom were unfortunately unable to be present.

After the applause which greeted the Colonel's remarks had subsided, Trooper Pritchard continued the programme with a couple of English sea songs, which were well received. The audience was then favoured with two vocal numbers from the oldest (in point of service) member of the regiment present, Major James Widgery, looking as he always does after any interval, several years younger. Finnegan's Band, under the able leadership of Sergeant-Major Copeland, which as usual deservedly proved a general favourite, brought the official programme to a close. The remainder of the evening was devoted to the renewing of old ties and exchange of stories and was enlivened by several impromptu numbers by various members. "God Save the King," at about 11.30, brought a very pleasant evening to a close.

The regular autumn and general meeting of the Old Comrades Association, which took place in the Toronto Armouries on the evening of October 16th, was well attended, about a quarter of the Toronto membership being present.

After the discussion arising from the reading of the minutes, which included many expressions of regret that the inclement weather last summer had prevented the holding of a picnic, the meeting proceeded to new business.

It was moved by Major Widgery, seconded by Mr. C. Morrison, and carried, that the Association

should hold a smoking concert and a picnic annually and should take part in the Veterans' Parade on the 24th of May in each year for the purpose of assisting in the decoration of various war memorials. In connection with the smoker it was suggested by Major Widgery that this gathering should be held as near as possible to the anniversary of some outstanding event in the regiment's history. The date of the regiment's organization was first suggested, but as this was so near Christmas it was felt that some other occasion should be chosen, and it was finally decided that the smoker should be held on the Saturday nearest the 28th of March, on which date the regiment first went on active service. The date for the picnic is to be some time in July, as in normal circumstances this will permit of the affair taking place at Niagara-on-the-Lake, while the regiment is at camp.

After some further discussion, on motion of Major Midgery, seconded by Trooper Gill, it was decided that the executive committee be instructed to draw up a design and obtain prices for a banner for the Association, and that the committee should report on this matter at the next general meeting. It was then moved by Mr Hanks, seconded by Mr. Simpkins, and carried, that Major Widgery be added to the committee for this purpose.

A motion was then carried to the effect that Colonel Bell be approached with regard to the use of the gymnasium for a smoking concert to be held on November 6.

Major Hethrington was added to the executive committee, and after a minute's silence in memory of fallen comrades, the meeting adjourned.

We read with much interest ex-Sgt. Martin's letter in the October issue of "The Goat," and heartily agree with his suggestion that more articles about the part the regiment played in the field would prove of great interest to all. We beg to assure Mr. Martin that so far as Toronto is concerned the Old Comrades Association is certainly "functioning." We regret that so far no branch has been formed in Montreal.

A young Serbian studying in England was asked to translate the following sentence from his native tongue into English: "He gave up his life on the battlefield." With the help of the dictionary he produced the following version: "He relinquished his vitality on the bellicose meadow."

**Bytown Bits.**

**Guards Entertain.**—The Officer Commanding the Governor General's Foot Guards, Lieut.-Col. C. B. Topp, D.S.O., and officers of the regiment held an "At Home" in their mess recently. The guest of honour was the Viscount Willingdon, the honorary Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment.

**No Ceremony.**—The visit of Her Majesty the Queen of Rumania was not marked by any military display.

**Signallers Organize.**—The second new association to be organized this year was the Canadian Signals Association, which recently held its organization meeting in Ottawa. The committee responsible for the association was composed of Lt.-Col. Forde, D.S.O., Lt.-Col. F. G. Malloch, M.C., V.D., 2nd Reserve Battalion, Hamilton, Lt.-Col. J. C. Franklin, M.C., 10th Signal Battalion, Winnipeg, Lt.-Col. C. A. Fages, 5th Signal Battalion, Quebec, Lt.-Col. A. W. Beaumont, 3rd Signal Battalion, Ottawa, Major I. D. Conover, M.C., 2nd Signal Battalion, Toronto, Major H. R. Tyner, M.C., 14th Signal Battalion, Hamilton, Major V. S. McClenaghan, M.C. 3rd Signal Battalion, Ottawa.

**Now at H.Q.**—Lieut.-Col. W. H. P. Elkins, D.S.O., R.C.H.A., has taken over his duties at Ottawa as Officer Adminstrating the Royal Canadian Artillery. He succeeds the late Col. Georges Roy.

**The Winter Fair.**—The Royal Ottawa Winter Fair will hold sway the week of the 22nd and a large crowd is expected. The military events are assured of success and the jumpers from Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal will be in evidence. The Royal Canadian Dragoons from Toronto will put on the musical ride and an effort is being made to get the gym. squad from R.M.C.

**Military Team Announced.**—Major R. S. Timmis and Capt. S. C. Bate, of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, Toronto, and Lieut. C. F. Elliott, Royal Canadian Horse Artillery, Kingston, have been selected as the Canadian team in the international cavalry officers' jumping competition to be held at the Royal Winter Fair, Toronto, which started on November 12th. Teams from Belgium, France and the United States are also entered in the competition, and all will later compete in a similar event at



the National Horse Show in New York.

The entries for this year's horse show at the fair total 1,650, a record never before equalled at any horse show on the continent. Included in this number are practically all the leading stables of Canada and the United States.

Staff Course Starts.—The theoretical portion of the militia staff course for M.D. No. 3 opened at Ottawa on the 1st instant. The lectures are being delivered by Lieut.-Col. R. J. Brooke, G.S.O. for M.D. No. 3.

Sports for Winter. — The regimental sports committee, P.L.D.G., held a meeting recently and as a result there will be inter-squadron indoor gaseball matches and hockey matches throughout the winter season. The president of the committee is Major E. A. A. Devitt.

Those Rubber Boots. — I was rather surprised in reading Mr. Powell's letter the other day to find out that he was not aware of the reason for sheep and rubber boots being coupled together. Like Mutt and Jeff, ham and eggs, Peaches and Browning, the two are not to be separated. It is a well-known fact that sheep herders in the west always carry the boots to protect themselves from getting their feet wet in the wet grass. Laugh that one off.

Artillery Competitions. — Vancouver, B.C., batteries and the 15th Field Brigade of Vancouver won all the general efficiency competitions in the various branches of artillery held under the supervision of the Canadian Artillery Association during the past summer. Results in the various competitions were announced recently.

General efficiency competition, (field artillery brigades) — First place and cup presented by late Lord Shaughnessy, 15th Field Brigade, Vancouver, B.C.; 2nd, Winnipeg Brigade; 3rd, Moncton, N.B.

General efficiency competition (field batteries) — 1st place, also Governor General and Stradbroke cups, 31st Field Battery, Vancouver, B.C.; 2nd place and Lansdowne cup, 36th Field Battery, Sydney Mines, N.S.; 3rd, 34th Battery, Belleville, Ont.

General efficiency competition medium and heavy artillery—1st, place and Governor General's cup, 5th Medium Battery, Vancouver; 2nd place and Association' Challenge Cup, 9th Heavy Battery, of Halifax, N.S.; 3rd, 4th Medium Battery, St. John, N.B.

Battery gun practice competition

—1st and Oswald and Montizambert Challenge cups, 34th Field Battery, Belleville, Ont.; 2nd, 38th Battery, Winnipeg; 3rd, 9th Toronto.

Gun practice—1st place and Wilson Smith Challenge cup, 9th Heavy Battery, Halifax, N.S.; 2nd place and Mercier Challenge trophy, 4th Medium Battery, St. John, N.B.; 3rd, 5th Medium M Battery, Vancouver.

Efficiency of personal competition—1st and Hurdman Challenge cup, 61st Field Battery, Edmonton, Alta.; 2nd, 31st Battery, Vancouver; 3rd, 10th Battery, St. Catharines, Ont.

Battery tactics competition—1st place and Grant Challenge cup, 10th Battery, St. Catharines, Ont.; 2nd place and Czowski Challenge cup, 5th Battery, Montreal.

The Macdonald trophy for gun-laying and signalling was won by the 8th Field Battery, Moncton, N. B.

The Sir James Aiken's cup for the best shooting battery of Manitoba was won by the 38th Field Battery, Winnipeg.

The cup presented by D. Lorne McGibbon for the best shooting battalion of Quebec was won by the 7th Field Battery of Montreal.

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Special precautions must be taken on the miniature range to ensure that no accidents occur.

Range discipline will be strictly enforced. No man will be allowed to take up a position at the firing point until it has been ascertained that no one is in front of the firing point.

Load and commence firing will be carried out by word of command and on completion of practise unloading will be carried out by word of command; rifles will remain at the firing point with bolts open and muzzles pointing towards the targets. Firers will stand up behind the firing point. TARGET WILL THEN BE CHANGED.

Only one detail at a time will be allowed on the firing point, the remainder to be five yards in the rear.

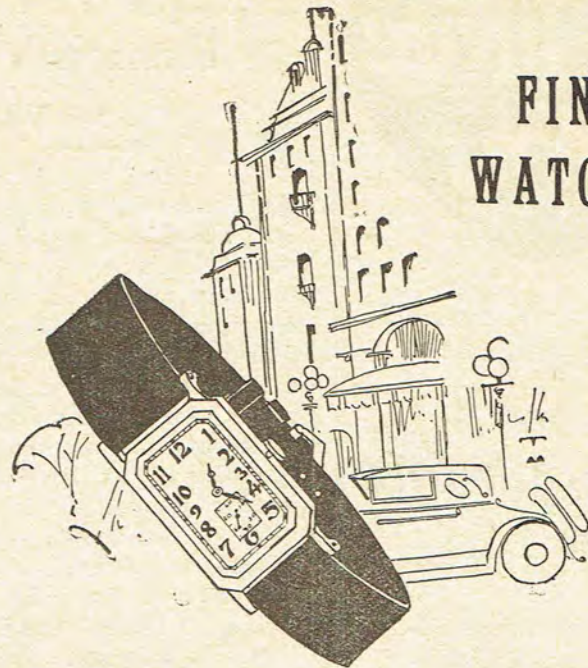
No manipulation of bolt or aiming practise will be allowed in rear of the firing point.

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## The Queen of Rumania Visits Chicago, Ill.

The furore caused throughout the United States by the visit of Queen Rumania, with its resultant petty intrigues, commercialized publicity and social back-biting, has invaded Chicago during the four-day visit of Her Majesty. For a democratic country, the arrangements for entertaining royalty quite out-shone anything in Europe. Front-page headlines in the leading journals depict the progress of the special royal train, columns are devoted to the question as to whether it is democratic to kiss the Queen's hand and whether silk hats and frock coats should be worn at receptions attended by Her Majesty. To the on-looker this hysterical outburst is most amusing. To the royal guest, although she has the good taste not to show it, the form of entertainment provided for her and the ultra-extravagant display of wealth by her hostesses, must provide quiet amusement, mingled with boredom.

A royal visitor gets no more chance to see the real life of a country than an Inspector-General has of seeing the unit he inspects under normal conditions. Everything is artificial, and the wonder is that royalty can stand the daily routine of official functions. No one really knows what reason prompted the Queen of Roumania to visit the United States and time alone will tell. One reads and hears opinions on every side but it is all guesswork, and Will Rogers may be as correct as anyone when he says if anyone wants to know the reason, "Take a look at the picture of the King."

Someone with a sense of humour has published in the Chicago Herald and Examiner a daily diary of what happens at the Lake Shore Hotel, where the Queen is staying, and I attach it verbatim, hoping it will serve to show real life in a royal apartment.

8 a.m.—The head housekeeper and maid called to prepare the Prince's bedroom. They asked the valet if it was O.K. to go in. He, not understanding English, stated that it was. When they got in they surprised the Prince in the act of taking a bath.

3.30 p.m.—Considerable excitement. The Queen's personal dog, Kage, was seen to play with the Queen's golden slipper. He hid it behind a trunk. After half an hour's search the maid found it.

3.45 p.m.—The Royal Custo-

dian, while the search was in progress excitedly ran through the royal apartments, exclaiming in broken English, "The Queen lost her foot."

4 p.m.—The Princess requested that a radio be installed in her suite, which was done. Listened in for one and one-half hours and stated that American jazz was wonderful.

6 p.m.—The detective assigned to the royal suite was given a hard assignment. That was to watch a bottle of champagne, Mumm's Extra Dry, for five minutes. A test of honesty for the Chicago Police Department.

7 p.m.—Queen arrived one-half hour late, so interested at the Art Institute forgot about schedule.

7.20 p.m.—Her Majesty orders two copies of each Chicago newspaper, pleased with contents, ordered that they be filed away to take back to Roumania.

8 p.m.—Several letters received from demented persons. One man wrote from Racine, Wis., that if offered proper inducements he would marry the princess.

8.30 p.m.—The manager's dog wanders up to the suite and makes friends with the royal cur, Kage.

10 p.m.—The Prince's valet spends half an hour preparing cigarette lighter for the Prince, who uses it continually instead of matches.

## Chicago Notes

Horse lovers are awaiting with interest the opening of the International Stock Show on November 29th. This show always brings out the pick of the hunters, three and five-gaited horses and harness classes. The show lasts till December 4th, and on December 7th the Chicago Riding Club will hold its second horse show under the able direction of Mr. O. W. Lehmann.

Two events of interest this week in Chicago are the visit of Suzanne Lenglen and her troupe of Pyle-Drivers and the first professional hockey match between the newly-organized Chicago Black Hawks and the Toronto St. Pats. From the advance sale of tickets there is reason to believe that hockey will be as enthusiastically received in this city as in New York. Chicago has two teams, one in the N. H.A., and one in the new American League, under the management of "Pat" Muldoon and Eddie Livingston respectively.

Football holds sway in the sporting pages these days. On Saturday, November 13th, 35,000 peo-

ple saw two local teams, Northwestern University and Chicago University, battle. Northwestern won by 37—7, and in doing so accomplished the remarkable feat of scoring a touchdown in less than a minute of the opening. The ball was kicked off by Chicago and was caught on Northwestern's five-yard line by the left full-back, who proceeded to run 90 yards for a touchdown, interference blocking the tacklers so effectively that not a hand was laid on him.

By having on hand plenty of nickles and dimes before a church parade, Bill Jewkes has evidently found a good scheme for boosting his volume of business. But "Ikie" says "there's no profit in it." What would happen if it became known to the church authorities that the contents of the collection plates were obtained by means of "the book?" It reminds me of the story of the Scotchman who dropped a sovereign in the plate by mistake. As he attempted to recover it the sidesman rapped him on the knuckles, saying "once in, in forever." The Scotchman remarked "I'll get a sovereign's worth of blessing anyway," but he was told that he wouldn't, since he only intended to put in a shilling.

Bill Jewkes' latest bargains include a pipe at \$1.50 and a pouch at \$1.25, or the two for \$2.75. Is this another attempt to smash the T. Eaton Co.?

Latest reports from England state that coal is now four shillings per cwt. It is expected that food will rise to 7d. per glass.

We hope that the sudden desire of a number of our recruits to become trumpeters has no connection with the fact that the trumpet squad practices in the gym. on winter afternoons.

While reminiscing about the last Sydney strike the other night we heard about a gentleman who, when visiting a lady of Hebrew extraction, gave his name as Mundelstein. We half-suspected it, Jakey—but—nuf sed.

"Q" Branch announces that in future greatcoats will not be exchanged in lieu of saddlery, or that horses are not to be turned into stores for the purpose of condemning. Tenders are invited for the manufacture of a sign-board to be hung outside the Stores, viz.,

YES WE HAVE NO .....



Persons wishing to interview the storeman re graft will kindly use the back entrance.

We wish to extend our condolences to the troops in this hour of nudity, but it's not our fault.

Mrs. Hargreaves and family their numerous friends are wintering in the canteen. We presume that the steward will soon be engaged in the fur trade.

Ex-Tpr. Meade writes that he is making up for the sleep he lost while with the Drags. We hope that when he does wake up his disturber will not use the same means as Sgt. Clulow did that night on the truck at Glace Bay.

Mr. and Mrs. Jewkes held the fifteenth anniversary of their wedding the other evening in their palatial residence off Zero Avenue. A host of guests from the upper strata of society, including Mr. Cowling, R.C.D., and Mr. Gardner, O.M.W., were present. The display of spats, socks, woolen pairs, etc., was sufficient evidence of the extreme opulence of the guests; in fact our correspondent was astounded at the lavish display of Saville Row and Rue de la Paix creations. Mr. Jewkes was becomingly attired in trousers, D.S., pairs, one, shirts, flannel, khaki, one. It was interesting to note that Mr. Jewkes' socks are a family heirloom, having been handed down through the Jewkes family from the time of Sir Ethelred de Jewkes.

Everybody enjoyed themselves and wished their hosts many happy returns.

## PHYSICAL TRAINING

Capt. A. Nicholls, M.C., R.C.R., deserves credit on the organization of a new form of activity added to our winter programme of sports, namely, in the organization of a physical training class for the wives of the officers of the garrison. These classes take place three afternoons a week in the gymnasium, but unfortunately are held behind closed doors. Several attempts on the part of the Officer Commanding, the Adjutant and the Medical Officer to visit the gymnasium "on duty" whilst the class is in progress have been met with decided rebuffs, but it is announced on good authority that the editor of "The Goat" is to be permitted to attend in the near future with a view of obtaining interviews with Capt. Nicholls and some of his star pupils. The class is referred to by the elite as "Nick's Vim Class."

## Writing Home

Station Hospital,  
Cavalry Barracks,  
St. Johns, Que.

Dear Dad: — Well, I guess you think I am going to spend the rest of my life in this place, and between you and me it looks as if I aint got much chance to fly the coop before Xmas. I kind o thought I might have been let out a couple of weeks back, cause my wrist was all healed up and I was all set to go, but I was out of luck. I spoke to the Sister what runs the place in the morning about getting my ticket, and she says she will ask the Doc. In a little while she comes back and says as how his nibs will let me go when I finish a bit of painting I was doing at the head of the stairs. Well, Dad, I gets started and was standing on a chair finishing the top molding when Sister comes by with a tray. "That's fine," she says, "it looks real nice." With that she lets out a scream and bumps into the chair and over I goes down the stairs and breaks a leg. She says she is awful sorry but she seen a little mouse. Cause I can't say nothin but I seed no mouse and so draw your own conclusions.

I kind of thought that being in bed with my leg in a splint would kibosh me doing any work but I sure overlooked something. It seems as how they decorate this joint all up for Xmas and this year they is going to go to special trouble, cause the guy what took the Skinny Major's place while he is in England learnin to be a colonel don't drink nothing and so he will be sober on Xmas morning and the colours won't run together like they used to for the other guy. Just as soon as I was able to sit up in bed Nurse comes in with a box of coloured paper and a pair of scissors and tells me to cut the paper into little pieces and string them together so they will have lots of stuff to hang up. "The work will keep your circulation going" she says, "and your arms won't get stiff." They sure do have a lot of mean tricks here to get a guy to work. I hears Doc. and Nurse talking about a guy called Cailyer the other day, what happens to be the "berries" on decorating. Doc. says this guy is too healthy and he doesn't know how to get him. Nurse says as how it would be a good thing to have the boys all inoculated before Xmas so they would not run chances on the Xmas dinners. "If you start only five a day," she says, "that ought to catch him in time, cause last year when his name was

# WALZEN PASTRY

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DoSo he was further down the list." Can you beat that?

There is a guy in the next bed to me what was servant to "The Dook." He was carrying some empty bottles from the "Dook's" room downstairs and he saw some stuff in one of them and got so excited that he trips and falls and cuts his hands to pieces. He tells me it is the first time in over a year that he has ever found anything more than a smell in the bottles he takes out of the "Dook's" room. The guy in the bed opposite has a broken toe and he is an officer's servant too. It seems as how the new officer, Captain Berteau, was moving his stuff into his house in "Alibi Terrace" when this guy asks him if he can go to the movies that night. "What's on?" says the captain. "The Gold Diggers," says the guy. With that the Captain drops a trunk on his toe.

Well, so long, Dad. Write me here till further notice.

JIM.

Seaside Constable (anxious for particulars)—"Now, sir, are you staying 'ere'?"

Motor victim: "Not if I can get up."

## UNCLE RASTUS EXPLAINS

"Tell me, Uncle Rastus, how come some folks is black an' others white, please?"

"Sho' honey! don' you-all neber read yo' bible a-tall? Haint you neber heered tell of Cain an' his brudder Abel? Well, 'twas this away. Them times all folks was callud ann ran deir own plantations an' was well-to-do.

"Well, Cain he was just nachelly a no good kind of nigger, and Abel was just the opposite. Abel, being jest as good as he could be, of course he got all the jam an' extry fixings what was goin'. Of course Cain got plumb jealous, an' nothin' hurts quite so bad as dat, ehile, so one day he ups and kills Able while dey was hoein' out de corn. Bimeby de Blessed Lawd taxed Cain wid his brudder's death, an' Cain he was so sceered dat he turned white. An' dat's how come all de white trash on this yere earth."

From R. A. Coon, 13 Centre St., Bugward, Que.

The swain: "Edith positively talks with her eyes."

The Cynic: "And I suppose when she feels like swearing she just gives a cursory glance."



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## Correspondence.

14 St. John Street,  
Montreal, Que.

Editor, "The Goat,"

Dear Sir:—I have read with great  
interest the letter from my old ser-  
geant, A. B. Martin. He is still  
my very good friend even though  
my sergeant. Sounds rather un-  
usual, I admit, nevertheless it is  
true. Had he been a little less  
familiar with the rankers there's  
no knowing how far he would  
have climbed. It is not of this I  
would speak, however, but the sug-  
gested Old Comrades Association.

A. B. says, "Just lately there  
has been a lot of talk in 'The  
Goat' about the Old Comrades  
Association." Are you seeing  
things, A.B.? Had no idea you  
indulged in strong waters. For  
months have I searched eagerly for  
the slightest reference to this mat-  
ter. Not a word, unless it were  
written in Esparento. Had this  
come to my attention before would  
have responded at once, for this is  
a thing I long for. I want to meet  
the chaps again. Want to talk  
shop. Want to shake hands with  
'em, and for a little while at least,  
live again in the past.

Surely something can be ar-  
ranged towards this end. As A.B.  
says, St. Johns is not far from  
Montreal or even Ottawa. Will not  
somebody get busy? If not month-  
ly, perhaps a semi-yearly gather-  
ing could be arranged. Nothing  
elaborate would be looked for.  
Simply a social evening. A smok-  
ing concert wouldn't be bad.  
Friend "Nobby" would, I am sure,  
help us out here. We have not  
forgotten P.C. 49. Not by any  
means.

It beats me why the millions of  
readers of "The Goat" remain si-  
lent. For the love of Mike wake  
up and do something. Doubtless  
you consider it a poor sort of a  
journal. Why not do something  
to improve it? Don't leave it all  
to the willing few who are doing  
all possible to make the thing go.  
Every man has something to say  
that would be of interest to the  
others. Have a shot at it. Do  
something. Show some sign of  
life. We who do our little best  
should perhaps be shot for the  
offence. It probably is awful, but  
just the same we do what we can.  
What of you? What are you do-  
ing? Nothing, save criticise. Left  
to you the old R.C.D. would pass  
completely out of the picture. This  
must never be. They and the days  
connected with them are too pre-  
cious to be forgotten. Show a lit-  
tle interest in us and our paper.  
If you like it, say so; if otherwise,

say what you want. At any rate,  
say something. Say you will be  
glad to connect yourself with any  
movement for the purpose of get-  
ting together now and again. Only  
by willing co-operation can any-  
thing in this line succeed. Come  
out from cover and lend your aid.  
It is needed.

What about Ottawa? Come on,  
"Dad," say your little piece. Am  
sure the genial originator of By-  
town Bits will devote a paragraph  
to further the cause. Can we not  
arrange something to take place  
at St. Johns during the Christmas  
season? How about a smoker?  
If not, why not? At all events  
show a little interest by offering  
any suggestions. Things like this  
cannot materialise in a few min-  
utes, neither can they be created  
by one or two. Co-operation is  
essential and your opinion on the  
matter is invited.

"The Goat" is published month-  
ly and for that reason it will be  
difficult for us to definitely ar-  
range this suggested gathering  
through its columns. If there be  
a few willing enthusiasts commu-  
nicate either with the editor or my-  
self so that we may know how we  
stand before going any further.

It is hardly fair to take up more  
space, so, enthusiastic as I am on  
the subject, must say no more.

The issue is left in your hands.

What about it?

Yours truly,

Fred W. Powell.

At the steamship office the  
prospective traveller had pestered  
the clerk with questions. Mean-  
while a long and angry queue had  
formed. But the clerk enjoyed the  
joke.

"Upper or lower berth?" he had  
asked.

"What's the difference?" the  
gentleman had asked.

"Difference of half a crown in  
this case," replied the obliging  
young man. "The lower berth is  
higher than the upper. The high-  
er price is for the lower. If you  
want it lower you will have to go  
higher. We sell the upper lower  
than the lower. In other words,  
the higher, the lower. Most peo-  
ple don't like the upper, although  
it's lower, on account of it's being  
higher. When you occupy an up-  
per you have to go up to bed and  
get down when you want to get  
up."

They were still arguing when  
the steamer left port.

Bernice: "Aren't you coming in  
for a swim?"

Bertha: "I can't. A moth ate  
my bathing suit."

"The little rascal. He must  
have been on a diet."

## SOMETHING NEW AND SOME- THING OLD

(Gleaned from Chicago Papers.)

### The Fable of the Night Ride

Once there was a Nice Girl who  
went Out Riding with a Boy. Their  
names are Not Important, as you  
probably would not know them  
Anyway. He took the Nice Girl  
way out from Town. Suddenly  
the Automobile Stopped. The Boy  
said: "Something must be wrong  
with the Engine." So he got out  
and Fixed it, got back in and  
Drove Back to Town.

Moral—Never Go Riding with  
a Mechanic.

Nick—"What is the most dan-  
gerous part of an automobile?"

Vic—"I won't even guess."

Nick—"The nut that holds the  
wheel."

A beautiful young lady and her  
bashful swain were alone in the  
parlour. After several minutes of  
silence she finally asked:

"What are you thinking about,  
John?"

"The s-s-same thing you are,"  
he finally blurted out.

"Oh, you bad boy, I've a notion  
to slap your face."

Holmes: "Are you going to the  
new show at the Frolics? There's  
a company of 120."

Watson: "What's that got to do  
with it?"

Holmes: "Nothing, except they  
carry only one trunk."

"Look, papa, Abie's cold is  
cured and we've still got left a  
box of cough-drops."

"Oo, vot extravagance. Tell  
Herman to go out and get his feet  
vet."

Adam was lucky in one way.  
Eve couldn't say, "So's your old  
man."

"Mom," said little Bobby, burst-  
ing excitedly into the house,  
"there's going to be the devil to  
pay down at the grocer's. His  
wife has got a baby girl and he's  
had a 'boy wanted' sign in the  
window for a week."

"I hear the Alpha Sorority has  
some social lights this year."

"Yes, they're about 25 scandal  
power this season."

Lawyers wife: John, is it better  
to lie on the right side or the left  
side?

Lawyer: My dear, if one is on  
the right side it usually isn't nec-  
essary to lie at all.



## My War Diary.

(Continued)

(Being the daily jottings from the diary of an officer of the regiment from 1914 to 1919).

Saturday, July 8th, 1916—Bussy

Up at 6 a.m. Met Bowie at 7.30 and we went on a divisional scheme for inter-communication. Passed through many villages full of troops and saw two new 9" long range guns on road drawn by caterpillars. Poured rain all last night. We were out all day and did not return till 6 p.m. Had a game of bridge. Our troops retook Contalmaison and made a good advance on our right. Admiral Jellicoe's dispatch in paper. Bed at 8.30 p.m.

Sunday, July 9th

Up at 7.30 a.m. After breakfast had a brigade church parade at 10 a.m. Rode to Amiens with Bowie and Wilkes for lunch. Went to see Amiens Cathedral, most magnificent place, one of the finest in Europe. Lovely rose windows and most marvellous acoustics. Back at 7 p.m. Our flying corps is doing wonderful work and we are advancing slowly but surely. Met 7th Division on road up to front. We have lots of troops and plenty of munitions and I am of the opinion that cavalry will be needed within ten days. Bed at 10 p.m.

Monday, July 10th

Up at 6 a.m. Orderly officer. Took squadron on exercise ride at 10.30 to 12 noon. Tried to arrange for a horse from one of the troops to take over in place of pack pony I got from remounts. Regiment paraded and had a gas demonstration which was very interesting. Our tear gas also used. Helmets and goggles most effective. Bed at 9 p.m. after bridge. No news from the front.

Tuesday, July 11th

Up at 7 a.m. Usual exercise ride and stables. Wrote letters and played bridge. Our line is still pushing on and except for a couple of strongly fortified posts have very nearly finished our first phase of the offensive. Russians and Italians are helping us a lot and making it very hard for the Germans to reinforce any one point. Went to bed early at 9 p.m. We were to have moved at 10 a.m. tomorrow, but it was cancelled.

Wednesday, July 12th

Up at 7 a.m. Cold tub and had breakfast. Had our exercise ride and I took over new horse in place of my pack pony. Very green, but may make into a nice horse. After lunch I rode over to Secunderabad brigade and I saw R.C.H. A. park. Two chaps from 1st Division came to dinner from 5th D. G. We've got orders to move tomorrow at 10 a.m. up the line. We have got the entire German first line system and are going to attack the second line on the 14th. Australian Corps is taking part. Bed at 10 p.m. after bridge.

Thursday, July 13th

Up at 6 a.m. Breakfast at 7 a.m. Packed up my things. We paraded at 10 a.m. and moved off across country. Arrived at our area near Albert at 2 p.m. We are roughly seven miles from the line and are bivouacing in a field full of trees. We can see the shrapnel bursting and see and hear our heavy guns. 1st Cavalry Division came in at 8 p.m. and are next to us. The attack is to commence tomorrow morning at 3.30, and we hope to be used. Colonel told me to be ready to move at 3.30 a.m. Turned in at 10 p.m. We lost one "sausage" and one aeroplane today but still hold the air supremacy.

Friday, July 14th—Ville-sur-Ancre. Mametz de Montauban

Up at 3 a.m. Heavy bombardment. Stood to at 3.30 a.m. Had some breakfast at 3.45. Our attack commenced at 3.30. It is now 7 a.m. and no further news. We are grooming, but still standing to, ready to move in ten minutes and our objectives have been given. Moved at 7.30 a.m. up across trenches to valley at Mametz, which is razed to the ground. Halted behind crest south-west of Montauban. We have taken second German line. Secunderabad Brigade is advance guard, with Ambala in support, and we are in reserve. We were in valley with all our artillery in action around us. We were shelled, but in luck, only one horse killed. No water for horses. Stood to till 8.15 p.m., saddles on all the time. Moved back at 8.20 to ville to water and feed. To be ready to move again at 3 a.m. Mess cart broke.

Saturday, July 15th — Ville-sur-Ancre.

Up at 2 a.m. Got ready to move but did not saddle up. Our troops took High Wood last night. 1st

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Division moved up at 3.30 a.m. Went to see re new mess cart, but could not find one anywhere. Dolly has a bad wither and is causing me a lot of worry. We remained in our bivouac all day. Our infantry took High Wood during the night, and one squadron 7th D.G. was in action. Got some mail in the afternoon. No bread issue for three days, and one cannot buy as it is against the law for the French baker to sell any except to inhabitants. Bed at 10.30 p.m. First Division came back at 8 p.m.

Sunday, July 16th

Up at 7 a.m. Stayed in camp and got cleaned up. Put up a tent for Timmis and I. Decided to mend old mess cart in place of buying new one and we started work on it. Had an exercise ride. Wrote for a new map case. No news from the front. Heavy artillery preparation all day. Played bridge with Bowie, Wilkes and S. till 11 p.m. and won 6 francs. Bed at 11.15 p.m. Very tired. Pouring rain. Got first bread issue since we came up this evening.

Monday, July 17th

Up at 7 a.m. After breakfast Timmis and Cunningham rode up to the line. Had exercise ride and stables. Saw re mess cart, which is nearly finished. Timmis

and Cunny came back for lunch—they had only been to Mametz and Fricourt and had not seen much. Moss and I rode up at 2 p.m. through Carnoy into Montauban, which was demolished, and on to Dernoy Wood, where we were shelled—one only eight feet away. We could see High Wood which was held by South African infantry and was being heavily shelled, also on edge. Our field guns are right up in the reserve trenches. Came back through Mametz and Fricourt, which are flattened out. Bed at 9.30. Canteen goods arrived.

### THE GARRISON RIFLE ASSOCIATION

A meeting of the Garrison Rifle Association was held on November 9th to discuss the winter series on the miniature range at the old fort. The season will commence the first week in December and the first prize shoot will be held the second week of that month.

A membership of about eighty has been obtained, which is a very satisfactory showing.

R.J.B.

Said the old lady at the tea party, "I hear that your friend kissed that girl over there in public. Did you ever?"  
"Er—no," said the young man nervously.



## A Concert Behind the Lines.

(By A. B. Martin)

The stage is a flimsy structure supported by the end wall of a barn, and the amphitheatre is a bowl-shaped depression in the ground, providing ample accommodation for the audience.

The audience is large, noisy and somewhat critical — admission being free. There is a stir and an expectant hush in the general confusion as the officers who have graciously consented to attend file in and occupy seats provided. The chairman, Major Timmis, mounts the platform. He announces that the show is purely a regimental affair and that the performers will do their best to satisfy the audience. In other words, their intentions are good, no matter what the outcome. Loud cheers.

Item one on the programme is a song, one of the latest hits, to be sung by Sgt. Ellis. As Nobby comes forward in his modest manner the applause is deafening. After several false starts he makes his get-away and successfully navigates the fifty (or it is one hundred?) verses of that immortal classic, "P.C. 49." As an encore we were welcomed in somewhere, I don't know where.

The next number is a recitation by Armourer-Sergeant I Forget His Name, to be selected. Boldly this gentleman steps forward and, without any preliminaries, breaks out in a loud voice:—

"IT WAS THE GREEN EYE Of the ———"

For some obscure reason his voice fades into nothingness and his words are totally inaudible.

The chairman: "Speak up, Sergeant-Major."

The performer: "I will, Major Timmis."

He re-commences with a shriek, "IT WAS THE GREEN EYE Of the ....."

The chairman: "Speak up, Sergeant-Major, speak up."

The performer: "I will, Major Timmis, I will."

"IT WAS THE GREEN EYE Of the .... ."

The chairman: "For heaven's sake, speak up."

The audience: "Throw him out," and out he went, without satisfying our curiosity as to who or what possessed this green eye.

The next number on the programme is that stirring song, "The Trumpeter," sung by Mr. James. Mr. James acquits himself to the satisfaction of all and we settle down for a good evening's entertainment.

"Ladies, gentlemen, men and others, I have great pleasure in introducing that sterling and most original of characters actors, or was it bad actors? the Commander of an anti-aircraft section, 'when under the weather,' S.S.M. Copeland, who will favour us with a number made immortal by himself, 'Flannigan's Band'."

The excitement was intense as Jack came forward, as when he started something always happened, (witness La Mesge). He appeared on the stage with a lagging step and a dreamy look in his eyes, and the chairman turned livid when he received the full aroma, French beer, rum, etc. Nevertheless he was game and allowed the programme to continue. The accompanist opened fire, the song started, and never before was such a one-man band. The cymbals clanged, the trumpets blew and the drum was beat to such an extent that the platform rocked and our long-faced friends close by thought they were back again behind the line on the 1st of July. At last the display ended and the platform was cleared, but the strain was too much for the audience, who had become so exhausted trying to keep up with the band that they could pay little or no attention to the remaining items on the programme.

These included a sketch about a horrible operation, the doctor's part being taken by Deane, and that soulful tenor, Charlie Vere, who sang a most pathetic ballad about his dear mother.

The audience began to thin out. Other voices besides Vere's were calling. The poker sharks returned to their game, a last call was made at the estaminet at the foot of the hill, some of us took our customary walk along the horse-lines to see that our particular pride had his share of whatever was coming to him, and the good soldier shined his buttons before turning in.

Flossie Rolfe and his quartette had time to entertain us a little, "B" and "C" being together and the bivouacs all mixed up. As usual, "Lights out" found most of us still struggling with our blankets trying to make a comfortable bed out of nothing.

That night I dreamed I was being pursued by a "band" of rollers, not "Holy-rollers."

On receipt of the above the editor interviewed the Commanding Officer, "A" Squadron, R.C.D., who is most enthusiastic to do all in his power to comply with Sgt. Martin's suggestions of holding a form of entertainment in St. Johns for the benefit of old comrades re-

(Note: A series of these pen portraits will be published in "The Goat," consisting of exclusive interviews to "The Goat" correspondent. Suggestions as to the identity of the subject are invited and should be addressed to The Editor).

### Portrait No. 1.

On being assigned the task of interviewing this month's subject I felt that in all my journalistic experience this was my most difficult assignment. I was, however, mistaken in this, for I was put at ease as soon as I explained the purpose of my visit by his kind and graceful manner, winning way and charming smile.

Before going thoroughly into the character and vivid past of my subject, I would like to say that he is one of nature's gentlemen, highly cultured and of refined appearance and address. He appears to be about 25 summers, though I am not in a position to vouch for the winters. He is tall and has a decided military carriage. He is indeed one of the most forceful personalities that it has been my pleasure to come in contact with. When I come to think if it, he has a striking resemblance to that well-known character, Big Chief Sitting Bull.

I first of all broached the subject of his past, and this brought us to his military career. Unlike an acquaintance of his he did not stop in a "deep dug-out" during the recent unpleasantness in Europe, but was one of the first to answer the call of the distressed Motherland and was soon engaged with the enemy, holding the rank of sergeant in the C.A.S.C. The noise and tumult of battle, however, was not great enough to drown the cry from the Land of the Free for instructors. This was in 1919, when his valued services were rewarded by being presented with the Victory Medal. He is the only man that I have met who possesses two Victory Medals, the other one being, of course, British. He is justly very proud of these, although it hard to choose between them and the coveted Wembley Medal presented to him last year by Winston Churchill. He spoke very affectionately of the U. S. Army, especially of the 10th Cav-

alry, in which a great deal of his service was spent, although this service was not of sufficient length to warrant promotion to a rank higher than that of buck. It was with one of the squadrons of this unit that he won the paper-weight championship in boxing.

This brings us to his athletic prowess. Numerous cups and medals adorn his den, attesting to his peerless ability as an all-round athlete. It was indeed interesting to listen to his account of how he turned professional in boxing, and he expressed extreme regret at his inability to take part in the present amateur tournaments.

His numerous friends are well acquainted with his interest in aquatic sports. Last year during the aquatic sports he undertook to give a display of high diving, but owing to a mistake on the part of the carpenters who built the tower from which the dive was to take place he was forced to retire. This was due to the height of the platform, whether too high or too low he would not say, and he expressly wished me to state that the popular opinion regarding his recalcitrancy in this instance was NOT due to a yellow streak.

At present his favourite sports are Reds, riding, boxing, running, swimming, jumping, hockey, football, baseball and Potters balls.

While talking of the opposite sex (of whom he is a great admirer) he reluctantly admitted that his last divorce was his third. This disproves Lord Tennyson's theory, expressed in his world-famed poem, "Morte d'Arthur," "Yet a man may fail in duty twice and the third time may prosper."

My interview was drawing to a close, but I felt that there was still something on his mind, and by an adroit manoeuvre I discovered that it was to express his personal antipathy towards a certain individual who, like the wolf in lamb's clothing, professes a friendship he does not feel. As I do not wish to mar the picture I have painted of our subject, I think it better to leave unsaid anything of a malevolent nature.

The interview was brought to a close as our subject was in the act of removing his socks.

At a banquet attended by scientists, a well-known professor was called upon to speak.

In introducing him, the host said to the guests: "You have been giving your attention so far to a turkey stuffed with sage. You are now about to give your attention to a sage stuffed with turkey."

siding in this vicinity. It is hoped that it will be possible to arrange to have this take place in connection with one of our boxing tournaments referred to in our sporting notes.

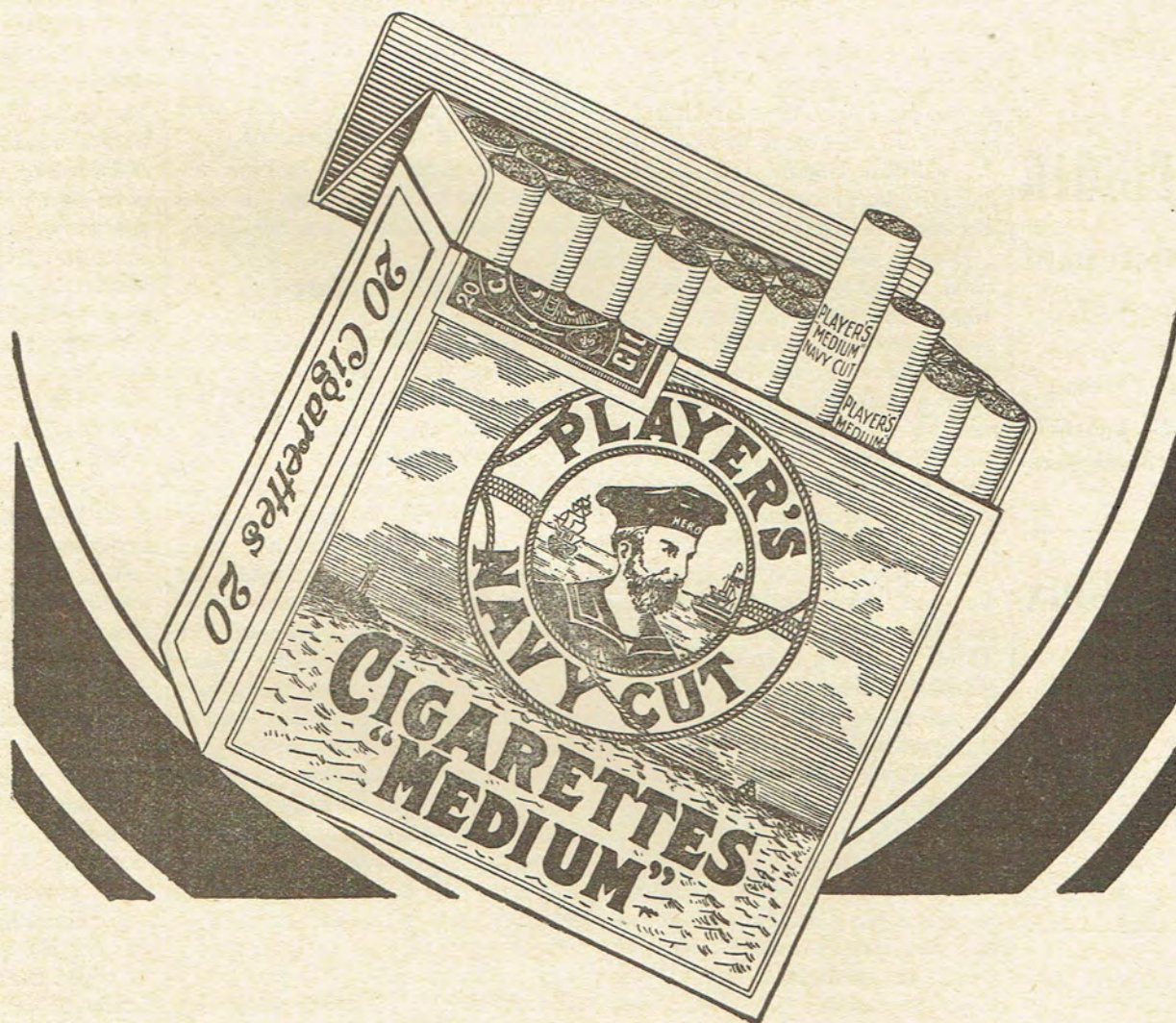


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Mabel—"I hear your engagement is broken."

Marie—"Yes; Charlie acted terribly."

"But I thought you broke it off yourself."

"So I did, but he made absolutely no fuss about it."

## Soldiering

(Continued)

Friends and things.

In 1914 we were absolutely the whole bally cheese and to come up to London to be fussed over became a pleasure for a time. One always encountered the dear old thing who thought its simply splendid that we should come all those thousands of miles to fight for England. Generally she had a son or some other relative in Canada. We probably knew him. His name was Smiff. Bill Smiff. He was in Manitoba. Invariably we were not familiar with this particular Bill Smiff but we'd look for him when we got back. In sheer gratitude she would give us a peppermint drop or a religious tract and promise to send a pair of socks. Socks, socks, socks. They were getting on our nerves. One could not possibly use 'em all. Giving them away was quite out of the question. The incinerators could tell a tale of socks that would gladden the heart of the fair knitters. So far in the game the army had not seen the necessity for supplying each man with a couple of trunks to take care of his extra socks and, that other companion horror, body-belts. Not only in these things were we overstocked in days. Parcels came by every mail. At one time I could not give away a large cherry cake sent by a dotting relative.

Despite all this some men advertised in the press as "Lonely soldiers" and these can testify as to good results of personal advertising. Never in my life did I see such a collection of deliriums as came to a chap we called Jake Levvers. It came in a huge packing-case, bearing Fortum and Mason's tag which proclaimed it the very best procurable. Lord knows how he wangled it. Jake was generous and parted with chickens and other things in a pleasing manner. Think Jake was eventually shooed off to the Infantry. No man need be friendless in England. Just leave your name at one of the many soldier's clubs and you would be able to choose from many who were ready to entertain you in their own homes. This privilege was very rarely abused. In consequence the Canadians were and still are first favourites with the people of the British Isles. Other kind of friends were sometimes met.

Was taking a quiet drink one evening in the Leicester Lounge when a pretty little piece of fluff asked did I object to her sitting at my table. Not at all. As a

matter of fact I was intensely flattered. She was well-dressed and obviously a lady. Yes, thank you very much .. just a little drop of gin. So you are one of them there Canadians .. well, well, you you know I likes the Canadians boys .. so free and easy like .. so open 'Earted. Her accent did not seem to quite fit in with her appearance but one cannot have everything. It appeared she was there to meet a boy friend. His non-appearance had no visible effect upon her temper. She was a sweet affectionate woman. Too bad she was so fond of gin. It was going to her head. Her shouting was appreciated by all but myself. You know, dearie, I aint in the 'abit of dinkin' with strangers .. but yer 'ave ter be sociable like with all you brave boys 'oo 'ave come all the way over 'ere ter do yer bit .. Gord bless yer .. well, if you say so, but this'll 'ave ter be the last .. absolutely .. you're a real sport you are .. not to a go of takin' liberties wiv a lidy .. yer can kiss me if yer likes .. is that so .. please yerself .. Aint everybody I'd give the chance to .. my gord, you are slow .. come on, give us a kiss duckie .. let 'em look .. what the 'ell do I care .. they're use i to it anyway .. come on .. well, yer tike the bloody cike yer do .. if thats ow yer feels agart it yer can bloody well go ter 'ell .. and with this parting shot she left me.

Deeming it unwise to cultivate these king of friendships I tried the Empire with better results.

### Back to work

Although the rains continued to fall upon West Down, south, we were not exactly unhappy. We were not overworked, Brigade guard was the hardest duty. Four hours on and eight off was a bit of a nuisance. To give us a practical glimpse of warfare they marched us off one night for trench digging operations. The night was horribly dark and the ground unpleasantly chalky. There is no need to say that the greatest confusion prevailed. After placing us about a foot apart they said we were under direct observation, and it was necessary to dig in. Under such conditions pickswinging was fraught with danger for any in the immediate vicinity so I wisely refrained from this unhealthy exertion. Unfortunately it was absolutely necessary to break with a pick this chalk, but finding myself unequal to the task of bashing out the brains of my companions had a fairly easy night. The thing was conducted under the strictest active service conditions. No lights and no smoking.

This last was a severe trial. I am sorry to say that under the cover of darkness many wandered off in a sort of aimless manner. Self-made patrols, probably. I almost got away myself but Warren, (Corporal then .. ultimately he reached the dizzy height of Sgt. in 1 R.C.D.'s) bumped into me. In my heart believe he himself was training for future patrol work but just the same after speaking very kindly to me he caused my return to the faithful who were good soldiers. For what I accomplished, may have been back in my tent. Possibly I acted as a stimulant to the patient toilers. It still was dark when a blast upon a whistle proclaimed the end of the proceedings. It was a wise thought that caused me to join a few conscientious chaps who had gone down a few feet in the chalk. You see, the chalk left marks. Consequently I had been in the chalk. How did I get there? By digging my friends, industriously digging. There's a war on, you know. No shirking. We departed, got hopelessly lost several times as usual, came by sheer accident upon 'our lines and called it a day.

The following morning they took us to see the results of our operations. It was a gruesome spectacle. Just a rough uneven, unsightly gash across the landscape. The good obedient soldiers (these would eventually reach commissioned rank or else Wandsworth) had gone down six feet or more, but the majority had found it sufficient to scrape away the top turf only. This is the only trench-digging we did in England. What a blessing that nice comfortable trenches were provided for occupation in France.

At this rate I shall never reach France so, with or without your permission shall curtail much of what took place in England. This hurts me sorely although it is not felt by you. What a loss to the world of literature. Never mind, Heaven's there.

Early in December they moved us to huts at Larkhill. It was thought a welcome change at first. Nice to be dry again .. nice to have us polish up again .. nice until spinal meningitis broke out with such disastrous results. Many men were left behind in Netheravon Churchyard. Personally I never liked hut life. Resurrected was the old question of ventilation. At night the windows were hermetically sealed. In the morning one was almost poisoned with the vitiate atmosphere.

Our first overseas Christmas came round while stationed at Larkhill. Half the men got leave for Christmas while the other half



were away for the New Year. Being away, don't know anything of the festivities in camp beyond hearing of the beer that flowed like water. Think it was supplied free.

### Tidworth

Tidworth was the next depot. We were quartered in the Barracks and very nice too. Heavenly after West Down, South and soldiering seemed better than ever. A few horses were placed at our disposal. They even supplied saddle soap. Every other day a man would be detailed to ride. No picking and choosing. Powell, you will ride number so and so and that's about all there was to it. If number so-and-so proved wash-out so much the worse. My first was a huge black beast. Very wise was he the brute. Cared not much for being messed about by recruits. Sixteen of us formed the ride. We saddled, mounted, and proceeded at the walk to what was called the manage. Here we dismounted and discovered we could not even saddle up correctly. Capt. Lockhart asked all present to inspect my turn out and see if anything was wrong. Not a blessed one knew the saddle blanket was incorrectly folded. Got into some sort of shape at last, mounted by numbers and commenced our schooling. Who of you remembers the details for causing a horse to break into motion. Blowed if I do. At the command "Walk March", such a chattering broke out as was never before heard in the army. The horses took alarm and but for the soothing voice of the saintly instructor would have bolted. It seems a cavalryman does not make a clucking sound with his tongue, kick the beast in the sides and scream "Get-up, you lousy blighter." That is left for ignorant civilians. The army method is more subtle. What's the difference anyway? A barrack horse knows all about it. After a deal of totally unnecessary bad language the instructor succeeded in moving us around him in a large circle. "From the front .. num .. her .. come on .. hop to it" One two, three and so on sung out each man with a smart inward turn of the head and eyes. "Numbers .. one to eight .. number one ride .. numbers nine to sixteen .. number two ride .. flanks of rides .. prove". What on earth was the chap raving about? No a move from any of us. More totally unnecessary bad language. Why could not he say so in the first place?

"Flanks of ride .. prove .. come on .. come .. bless you my children .. Powel are you not quite

well this morning? (how nice of him) did you hear me .. what's your ummber .. sixteen .. then why the bloody hell don't you prove .. come on come on".

His impatience caused me to refrain from telling him that my black horse needed the use of both my hands. Should I release one, good night! How quickly likes and dislikes were formed in the army. Used to like this instructor of ours until meeting him under riding school conditions. Fortunately he forgot this proving business. After a lot of unintelligible remarks for, presumably, his own enjoyment, he gave that horrible singing order to 'Tr-r-r-o-o-o-t

Two hands wer etotally ineffectual. With four I could not have checked this foul brute of mine which I already hated with a deadly hate. He must have been accustomed to leading the ride and had every intention of upholding his position. The instructor was hurling blasphemes et me but he might as well have saved his breath. "Halt," he suddenly snapped. Why go into ghastly details. Only one thing could happen. Without orders I dismounted. Looking for sympathy I was handed a-buse and am sure he wished I was mortally injured. Mounting again the torture re-commenced. Something was said about a gentle canter. Although above my head the hated black knew all about it. The motion was pleasant and it was gatisfying to discover I could sit a horse after all. My exultation was short lived. Not satisfied with a gentle canter the black must needs break into a gallop. He forged ahead of all the rest just to show what he really was capable of, took the bit between his teeth and sailed away toward the open country. "Good-bye," shouted the instructor, "Good-bye" .. send us a post card" With no control over this beast I could only hope for the best. I thought the worst was over when, tiring he turned again towards home. These horses. Deciding I had been for too long an impediment, he, with a mighty, sudden buck, ridded himself of me and galloped away in the highest spirits. The fall did not hurt much but how my dignities suffered when I eventually joined my beloved comrades.

There was established at Tidworth a sort of Garrison market which opened three times each week. How the merchants soaked us but how we robbed them in return. Another popular rendezvous was the garrison theatre. The shows presented were very tenth rate but who cared. For a few coppers one could have an enjoyable evening. None but a few

ever knew why, on one particular evening the orchestra played the dead march while all stood at attention. You see we were leaving for Canterbury the next day and did not relish the change much. Acting upon a sudden inspiration I scribbled a note to the conductor requesting that he play the dead march during the interval. It was amusing to hear the motives placed upon this performance by the rest of the audience.

Canterbury is the next stop and I now give fair warning that as soon as I am tranferred to the Royal Canadian Dragoons personalities will creep in. Those whose names I immortalize must take no offence at what is said. I bear not one scrap of animus towards any member of the regiment. There were always differences of opinion. It was difficult at times to see eye to eye with the man higher up. Criticism was general. Cursing each other soundly I fancy that at heart we rather admired each other. After all what was a "bawling out?" It is not my intention to slap anybody. During my days with the regiment I was openly most severe in my judgment upon the officers but in my heart realized just what they were up against and wondered how they could be as patient as they were. Ten to one I would have done just the same if I had been an officer. So, my friends, one and all, there must be no bad feeling if you are made the butt of a joke. Being human we make mistakes, and if these mistakes create amusement, wel, what of it? When I do become personal do me the honour of believing it is for no purpose of "getting even". This thought would be most unjust to

me.

Now for a short talk on Canterbury before my transfer to the Drag's. Let's away.

### Canterbury

This was without exception the best place of residence. Despite the fact that Canterbury was ever a military depot the kindly population of this beautiful Cathedral town made us very welcome. As to the Barracks they were not as good as those at Tidworth. Once again we were located in the married quarters. These faced the riding school of the 3rd Dragoon Guards and it was our daily delight to watch the Imperial instructor put the recruits through their pieces.

I fancy that at first these Imperials rather despised such amateur soldiers as ourselves, but in a short space of time were pleased to have us amongst them. Money carries a deal of weight. Openly did they envy us and all connected with Canada. The many ex-Imperial cavalrymen at present with the R.C.D's is clear proof of the good impression created by us.

I was run in the very first night here for being absent from quarters after lights out. Just a reprimand. Got wiser rapidly. Am afraid I continued to offend but never permitted myself to be caught. Simple matter to pass the sentry at the gate. One had to just cut across the riding school, hop over a fence and he was at home without anyone being wiser.

Every man had a horse and riding school became an obsession. This bored and I sought fresh fields. Taking advantage of the

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opportunity I joined the signal troop. Found it interesting until I was entitled to sport the crossed fags upon my sleeve and then I wanted to quit. Nothing doing. I had to stick it. Not only horses did we ride but bikes as well. Mr. Lee was signal officer. Later on he got the brigade job. Loving nature as he did caused him to take us for long rides to the sea-shore. We went for practice in the art of signalling but precious little actual work was accomplished. Those nice little country pubs had a charm all their own. We cycled off to Herne Bay one day, did a little work and spent most of the time in one of the many pubs. No sooner had we got clear of the town when the pedal of my bike fell off. Of course there were no tools in the bag. The others left me to my fate. This was not so hard as it sounded. Simply left the bike at a repair shop to be called for at a later date, had a most enjoyable few hours in Herne Bay and returned to barracks via motor bus. Incidentally I fear the bike still waits to be called for. Soldiering was proving a great life. To think I was receiving letters from Canada full of concern over my welfare. Really I was having the time of my life

#### Enter the enemy

With a suddenness that excited all, the war came slap-bang to Canterbury one fine morning. We were awakened before daylight by a tremendous hullabaloo. Bugles sounded the alarm. Captain Bedson came tearing through the barracks on horseback shrieking for us to turn out at once. In the confusion none knew what was up. Rumour had it that the enemy had landed a strong force at Herne Bay and was marching on to London. Excitement rose when the 3rd D.G. moved off at the canter. Off we rushed to pack our saddles but I know at least two men who found time to scribble a letter home explaining the move and bidding them be ready to expect anything.

After years of training it is no easy matter to pack a saddle. Imagine the result after a crowd of rookies had spent about ten minutes at the task. It was found there were insufficient rifle buckets. Not only was I minus this necessary article but the sling was also missing. Some dirty dog had pinched it. One was improvised with the assistance of hay wire and the bandolier helped prevent this stuff from cutting me in half. Needless to say had no ammunition. The Buffs had moved away in full war paint some time ago

and must by this time be in contact with the enemy. This was war at last. Good. As usual, murred about for an hour or two before moving away from the stables and then only got as far as the 3rd's riding school. Here we remained for hours. Surprise deepened when the other Dragoons returned looking none the worse for wear. The next order was to return to stables and off-saddle. Even then we understood it not. Entering into conversation later on with some of the Buffs we learned it was simply general manoeuvres. At the sound of the general alarm the whole British Army turned out and proceeded to pre-arranged positions. If our officers were familiar with this arrangement must compliment them on their excellent acting. Thus ended our first engagement.

#### Learning to shoot

Each man in his turn was sent away for a course in musketry. Forget the name of the place but it was within easy distance of Margate. We were billeted with civilians. Four men to a family generally. Mine was a charming billet and the daughters of the house proved very sympathetic. The course itself amounted to very little and, in consequence, became a real rest from the ardours of soldiering in barracks. Something of course was done in the way of shooting, but the importance of caring for this wonderful rifle of ours was stressed upon most. The instructor never tired of charging us to treat it "like a baby". As most of us were unmarried this was rather confusing. Just the same I fancy that a baby would hardly flourish under such treatment. For example. It was found we could not even clean a rifle properly. Too much grease was in evidence. To remove this foreign substance one must pour boiling water down the barrel and then dry it thoroughly. Poor baby. Those whose rifles failed to pass inspection the following morning would return to Canterbury. One returned. We shot at various forms of targets at all ranges and found generally we did better at long range shooting.

Of an evening we would get all dolled up and take the bus into Margate. As long as a man showed up at proper time for parade next morning none cared what was done in the interval. Full advantage was taken of this privilege. I remember bathing in the sea one morning at 2 a.m. We were a happy party, three girls and three heavy dragoons. What a horrible thing war was to be sure.

The course ended all too soon. Tuesdays was the limit. We returned to Canterbury in motor buses. The journey was much enlivened with refreshments taken from the bottle, songs, and very personal remarks directed to the civilians encountered en route. Probably he was doing far more than we ever would do but just the same he was not in khaki. We were, so, obviously this was a slack-er.

#### More riding school

The close proximity of the 3rd Dragoon Guards put bad thoughts into the heads of our own instructors who closely followed the methods of the noisy Imperial man. I have mentioned previously the joy derived from watching this Imperial chap singing his hymn of hate. No pains were taken to hide the amusement this spectacle afforded. Consequently the instructor bullied more than ever and the nervous recruit became more so. There may have been in some remote age, reason for putting the fear of death into recruits, but certainly modern life has no place for such indulgencies. Bullying can produce no good and for this reason alone should never be tolerated.

The first afternoon we used the indoor riding school of the 3rd's, our instructors amused themselves by putting us "over the jumps." As the majority of us had never gone in for this before the reason for their amusement is obvious. These jumps were so arranged that once started a rider must complete the series. They stretched completely across the narrow passage way. Over one the rider could get to freedom only by taking the other three. These jumps were neither high nor difficult although strangely disturbing to amateurs. By a kindly dispensation of Province we all managed to hang on in the first round. A day without a few spills was empty for an instructor so he tried something else. With stirrups crossed over the front of the saddle off we went again on our merry way. This was not so good, but by releasing the reins and hanging with both hands to the saddle managed to keep aboard. Smiling grimly the instructor disclosed some fresh horror. We now must fold our arms behind our backs. Thanks to an enthusiastic junior officer waving his arms and uttering most unearthly yells my horse was frightened into doing better than its best. He made a mighty jump and I jumped from the saddle to his neck. Could hear them yelling



at me to get back into that there saddle. Asses! All I troubled about was hanging on. Knew my horse would complete the series so just clung until he ranged himself alongside his companions at the other end of the jumps. The consequential 'bawling out' failed to ruffle me. Matter of fact was rather proud of being able to hang on at all. Glad to know I was unafraid. This was a question never decided between Newky and myself at a later stage in the proceedings. Should my mount refuse a jump, he, (the Captain) would invariably gallop over and accuse me of funkng the jump. What use to argue?

#### The First Draft

Representatives of the Royal Canadian Dragoons came over one afternoon to have a look at us. Rumour went round that the best riders were to be transferred to this regiment and as I had no desire to leave the Garr's made no effort to impress the visitors. In consequence was not included in the first draft that came to you at Pond Farm. As most of my personal friends had gone I fear a mistake was made by me in "dodging the column". They kept up

an erratic kind of correspondence with me until they left for France. After that date, silence until I joined them at Westhof Farm.

Life was dull after their departure. It is not easy to make new friends. This depression was removed when they warned me for the next draft and shifted me to the tents allotted to the men of the "Service Squadron". Life was better under these conditions. Food good and abundant. Sort of fattening us up for the killing. We held ourselves ready to move at an hour's notice and leave to London was quite out of the question. For about a week I visited my friends in Canterbury and at the end of each visit made my little touching speech of farewell in anticipation of a move the following morning. This became quite embarrassing as time went on and I did not.

At last came the order to move. Complete infantry equipment was issued. This was the Oliver pattern, a most uncomfortable type. Those narrow straps of leather rut into one's shoulders causing real pain. It was some job filling the pack. Completed at length to one's complete satisfaction only to find the great coat had been omitted. Then all out again and

the stupendous task of putting into a pack more than it was to accommodate. Managed somehow, hung about the Buffs square for an hour or two and then marched away to the station.

Off at last to the war. Reaching London it was found that the boat train did not leave for four hours. Contrary to expectations we were allowed the freedom of the city for that length of time and it is indeed pleasant to record that every man returned. Folkestone ship, life-belts, a short uneventful journey, and here were we actually in France. The 2nd Life Guards with their horses accompanied us and our rations were supplemented by helping them unload. Cannot give exact date but we were known as the "June Draft". First after Festubert.

(To be continued)

A young man had been out jubilating and had come home in the early hours of the morning to be greeted by the cold, severe wife at the top of the stairs.

"Drunk again," she exclaimed disgustedly.

"Cheerio, ol' sport, so am I," came the unexpected answer.

#### THE ARMY SAFETY RAZOR

(From "Punch")

(Note: A Montreal firm has been awarded the contract to furnish the British Army with safety razors.)

It came as a surprise to me that during the mild tumult which arose out of the War Office's decision to issue safety razors to the troops no mention was made, so far as I am aware, of the attendant problem of the blade disposal.

In the absence of any official regulation governing the subject perhaps a few suggestions may not be regarded as out of place.

First of all we must consider what constitutes a used blade. Those of you with army experience will remember, for instance, that the quartermaster's opinion as to what was a derelict shirt often differed from your own, and I can foresee the same sort of thing happening where blades are concerned. The question, in my opinion, is governed by the quality of the whiskers upon which a blade may be called on to operate. For purposes of classification whiskers might be graded thus:

Mark I. — The Swansdown or

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Recruit's Fluff.

Mark II.—The Visible Bi-Weekly Sprout.

Mark III.—The Mist on the Moor Outcrop.

Mark IV.—The Drive into the Rough Stubble.

Mark V.—The Hindenburg Line Bristle.

The big idea, and one which must appeal on economic grounds, is that a blade refusing any longer to make hay of the Hindenburg Bristle should be returned to the quartermaster, and by him be re-issued to the next category, and so on until in gibs when on Mark I. service.

After that a blade might very properly be regarded as unfit for further service, and before it is designated as scrap an affidavit by the man concerned should be attested by two witnesses of his last shave, countersigned by the chaplain and filed for reference.

The blade would then be struck off the active list and buried in a spot selected by the adjutant, at a place removed from other buildings, thus obviating risk of lightning. A hole of the correct dimensions (to be considered later) having been excavated, the following procedure might be observed:

The man's platoon, without arms, would be the unit engaged. This in itself would encourage care in the use of the blades.

The platoon will approach the hole in line and halt at a distance of four paces. The platoon officer will then call upon the man concerned, who will leave the ranks and advance to within one pace of the hole. The blade will then be produced, identified by the quartermaster, and signed for.

The command will be "Extend Arm! Release Blade!" Care must be taken to see that the blade is deposited fairly in the middle of the hole, cutting edge last employed facing north.

The excavation will then be filled in by the right-hand man of the front rank and trampled flat by the two centre files advancing four paces and marking time.

That is all — perfect in its simplicity.

Young son (to shoe clerk waiting upon his fastidious mother)—  
"No use showing her the first ten pairs—she won't take 'em."

Young Wife—"Before we were married you said you'd go through anything for me."

Husband—"So I would, dearest, but the way you hang on to your fortune is a caution."

## Courage.

(By "Q. Q." in "The Fighting Force.")

"Yes, I should have done the same at every stage," I said, "if I had had the courage."

"But that's the point," he objected; "was it courage?"

I had run into him by chance. We had both crossed in the same boat to Dover, but I did not meet him until we were stepping onto the quay. I knew his name—John Hayling—and that he had done well in the war and had since been accepted as an authority on the Near East. But there was something else that I could not quite call to mind.

Then in a flash I remembered. I had heard of him last when I was in Cairo. I was with a man whom the Egyptian Government had retained in their service at the time when they were dispensing with most of their English advisers. He had been complaining of the activities of the Senussi Arabs and saying that so few people had enough knowledge of the Senussi to be useful to him.

"John Hayling is the man you want," I had suggested.

"Yes, no doubt," he had allowed; but there was evidently considerable doubt in his own mind.

"But, of course," I went on, "he is married now—to that Portway girl, wasn't it?—and it is not the sort of job for a married man."

"No, he is not married," he had corrected me. "You have not heard? There was some scandal."

I had pressed my Egyptian friend about it, but I could get no further information other than he believed "believed it was some question of courage."

"Oh, nonsense," I declared. Why, Hayling was a thruster of the first water."

"Yes," he had agreed, but in a calculating sort of way."

And there he had left it.

I looked at Hayling now, getting his baggage from the boat, having it stowed away on top of the big closed car, asking his chauffeur about the state of the road—methodical, exact, nothing left to chance.

I had turned away to find a seat in the boat-train, when he came up.

"Why not come up with me?" he invited. "I have an appointment in town and I must get to London by four o'clock. You will be more comfortable and I can take you to your door."

It was a large roomy car; the scents of the English countryside would dispel very pleasantly the

memory of Egyptian sand; and, perhaps, I should hear something more of this cowardice question.

As I thanked him and got into the car I was conscious of a distinct feeling of magnanimity—my magnanimity. Here was I—a man who had committed (or at any rate been convicted of no crime)—willing to motor to London, and perhaps be seen there, with Hayling—Hayling, who had been such a coward that Zeta Portway would not marry him, and a man in Egypt would not talk about him. I felt that Hayling ought to be rather humble and grateful.

Hayling, on the contrary, seemed to take everything in the most matter-of-fact way. He told me that he had been on his way to the Sudan. He had offered his services for Government work.

"So things must have blown over a bit," I thought to myself.

"But you did not get there after all, then?"

"No. I came back. I—I had forgotten something."

I gathered that he had only gone as far as Calais when he turned back; but perhaps it was the Foreign Office—not Hayling—that had forgotten something and then remembered it?

"The last time I heard of you was in Cairo," I said. "Billy Mason was trying to find someone who would go to Siwa and get Senussi information."

"Oh, yes," he commented in an off-hand way. But I think he saw that I was on the scent.

"I suggested your name"—I paused; "but Mason did not seem to think you would quite—"

He turned to me with an amused smile.

"And what did Billy Mason tell you about me?"

"O, nothing; nothing," I protested.

He took up the speaking tube and spoke to the chauffeur.

"You had better push on while you can, James," he said. "If the

road is bad beyond Maidstone we shall not have too much time to spare."

The big car gathered speed. Hayling sat forward without saying a word for some time, as if to assure himself that our extra pace was being maintained. Not till we had swung clear of the streets of Maidstone did he lean back.

His first words showed me that he was not going to shelve the question. "If Billy Mason talked of me, told you nothing, and yet left you bursting with curiosity"—I raised my hand in protest but he went on—"I had better tell you the whole story. Particularly as you are going to be in town for some time. There will be other people who will whisper and grince about me, without 'saying anything.'"

He spoke rather bitterly. I reserved my judgment."

"I was going to be married to Zeta Portway," he began, looking straight ahead of him. "It was all arranged. Invitations had gone out, presents were coming in, the big house in Belgrave Square was being got ready for the reception. I had gone down to stay a week-end with her people in Hampshire. Zeta, of course, was there."

"On the Saturday evening we went down to try for a trout in the pools that they made some years ago, a mile or two from the house. Zeta and I, and a man called Jerome. I don't know why Jerome came at all. He used to propose to Zeta, before we were engaged, once a week with the greatest regularity. She used to refuse him with equal regularity."

"Anyway, he came with us and he refused to share our boat. He got into a smaller one, pushed off and was soon casting busily at the deep end of the pool."

"Zeta and I tried the upper end of the pool, fished for an hour, then pulled for the shore again. We walked together down the bank and I had a cast or two, until we

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came opposite the place where Jerome was fishing. He was only about twenty yards from us and we sat down to watch him. He was rather a clumsy fellow, and was always getting into difficulties with his line.

"Suddenly—I don't quite know how it happened—he turned rather too quickly, overbalanced, and a moment later had fallen in to the water.

"We laughed at first; he looked so absurd, scrabbling about like a great porpoise and making funny grunting noises. We laughed so much that an old heron, whom our fishing had not disturbed, got up and went sailing majestically away as if in a huff. Even the moorhens went skidding over the water back to the reeds. The pool suddenly seemed to be empty. The sun was beginning to set, leaving a dull, lead-coloured sheet of water; a stage setting in which was only Jerome clawing with his hands at the little up-turned boat.

Zeta was the first to notice what was happening.

"Why!"—she clutched at my arm—"he can't swim."

"I watched him. She was quite right. Jerome never said a word from start to finish, but he struggled and pawed away at the boat—like a big dog whom you have thrown into the water to make his way to land, and who doesn't like it. And he looked at me just as a dog looks at you.

"Now, I can swim; but I can only swim enough to get myself about. If I had to swim a long way, forty yards, say, I possibly could not do it. If I had to swim twenty of those yards with a drowning man I certainly could not do it. All this I knew. I did not have to ask myself the question.

"What I did have to ask myself was, whether it was my duty to make some attempt to get Jerome out of the water—if only to act as a sort of human raft, which might enable him to cross the 20 yards that separated him from safety."

He broke off, looked at his watch, and the map, and was apparently satisfied with our progress.

"I have no patience," he went on, in his quiet unemotional way, "with people who do things on the spur of the moment and live to regret them afterwards. Through all the war I never did a thing—and I never sent anyone else to do one—without being perfectly sure of the risks and perfectly satisfied that the end was worth it. Sometimes you had to make up your mind quickly, but there always was time, if it was only three

seconds.

"In Jerome's case there was more than three seconds—more like ten; and in those ten seconds this is what I thought. Here am I, young, going to be married, a man of knowledge and experience in Near Eastern problems. I am absolutely necessary to Zeta's happiness. I am of some importance in affairs of Empire. I was not conceited about it—it happened to be the fact.

"On the other hand, my thoughts ran, there is Jerome. I know Jerome very well. He is not going to be married; he does no work; he is of no importance to anyone—not even to himself. He has a small private income which if he dies, will go to someone else.

"If I flop into the water now and struggle out in most of my clothes to try and save Jerome, I almost certainly shall not save him. He is already struggling. If I got to him he would grab at me and drown us both.

"So I decided I would not make the attempt.

"I looked at Zeta and shook my head. 'I can't swim well enough,' I said.

I can see her now. She stared at me for a moment in absolute amazement—then in disgust.

"She turned and started to run down the bank to the water. But I was ready for her. I seized her by the arms and would not let her go. She fought, and we struggled together on the edge, but she could not get away from me.

"Jerome was in a hopeless panic by now. He could not get any grip on the slippery sides of the upturned boat and he began to lose his head.

"Zeta was calling for help as she fought and struggled to get away from me; but there was no one to hear. I shouted shouted to Jerome. 'Tread water, you fool, cling to the boat.'

But Jerome was past understanding anything, except that he was drowning. He had looked like a great dog before, now he looked like a rat. For a long time he had enough energy to struggle so that it took some time to drown him, as it does if you put a rat into too shallow a bucket.

"And he screamed.

"His screams maddened Zeta afresh, so that I could do nothing but hold on to her to prevent her from going to his rescue.

"I don't know how long we struggled. It seemed to me to be half an hour at least, but it cannot have been so long. When it was all over the pool was almost in darkness. There was no sound, except for the water lap-lapping at our feet and the cry of a moorhen

in the reeds.

"We got the other boat, rowed around, looked for what we knew was no longer there. Then came the journey back to house; Zeta said nothing to me. We went across the lawn, up the steps, on to the terrace. Her father and a few others were standing there, dressed for dinner.

"What have you done with Jerome?" he asked with a smile. "Drowned him?"

"Yes," I said. "At least, I drowned him; Zeta tried to save him."

"Of course they thought I was joking, and I had to explain just what had happened—twice—before they would believe it. Then they saw that Zeta was crying. She was unable to speak. Her mother took her away."

He paused a moment.

"They dragged the pool all that night. After I had shown them the place they asked me—very politely—to go away. Towards the morning they found him.

"There was an inquest of course. I gave evidence. Her father had asked me to cut it short—not to go into details, but that was impossible. When you are calculating risks you must accept all the risks. I had realized, in my ten seconds of calculation, that my decision, so to speak, involved an inquest.

"I was at some pains to explain to the coroner just what had happened and just why I had acted as I did.

"I cannot swim well," I told him; just as I told you and Zeta.

"He fastened on to that remark and, in his summing-up, he returned to it again and again.

"This man who cannot swim well . . ." he kept saying.

"Once he added ' . . . and who is going to be married.'

"At that Zeta jumped up.

"Not to me," she shouted.

"It was melodrama at its cheapest, of course, and I think she was sorry she had said it. But she was still terribly overwrought and it was a perfectly natural interjection. There was great applause in the room and the coroner didn't attempt to suppress it.

"They brought in a verdict of 'Accidentally drowned.' Sympathy was duly expressed with Jerome's non-existent relatives, and with Zeta.

"I went back to the inn where I had stayed before the inquest. They, too, asked me to go away as soon as possible.

"I caught the next train, a slow one, to Waterloo, and when I got there the evening papers were full of the story. It happened to be a poor time for news and they had

made the most of it, but I think the story would have caught their fancy in any case. It lasted them in several capacities for at least a week. There were letters from 'Englishman.' People wrote 'God forbid' them to judge me, and then hoped the editor would give them enough space to do so. He did.

"The only thing that I thought unfair was that my own friends, who would not, for instance, have condemned me for having let Jerome starve to death, should refuse to know me in public because I had let him drown."

He stopped speaking. It was very awkward. Here was I, being given a lift to London in his motor car. I could not very well at the moment pronounce against his own verdict on himself.

And yet—it was all very well, but after all there are certain accepted conventions. If a man was drowning, you went into the water after him. Of course, if you couldn't swim well you would hope never to be near a drowning man. If you were not very near you might persuade yourself that he was not drowning. But twenty yards!

I coughed.

We had made good speed and were already entering Farningham. Hayling picked up the tube.

"You can ease off a bit now, James," he told his chauffeur. "I don't want to get there before four o'clock."

I said nothing, and a few minutes later he started again.

"I had a very bad time for some weeks. Finally, I went to the War Office and offered my services for a rather ticklish bit of work in the Sudan. They were perfectly polite but I found they were too busy to discuss details. The following morning I got a letter saying that they thanked me 'but did not propose to avail themselves of my offer at the present time.'

"No one now wanted me, and I realized that I embarrassed my friends very much when I met them unexpectedly. London is a big place, but you've no idea how difficult it is to avoid meeting people, when you can't go to your club and don't want to stop in bed all day. I daresay I exaggerated what people thought about me, but the fact that they did not want to see me was plain enough.

"I used to go out after dark, but it takes a hell of a time to get dark in the summer, so I was driven to think of open spaces in which I shouldn't meet people.

"The only place that I knew of was the Serpentine in Hyde Park.

"I knew that I should be wanted in the Sudan eventually, and



that, as soon as the authorities could decently say so, they would tell me to slip off. So I went each day to the Serpentine, and to keep myself fit I rowed up and down that stretch of water five times.

"The rowing part was rather pleasant. True, there was sometimes a moorhen skidding over the water or calling from the reeds but"—he shrugged his shoulders—"I had weighed that up long ago—in the seconds.

"I did it every day for three weeks, every day waking up hoping to find my orders from the Foreign Office. Then, one summer evening, it happened. I was pulling down the middle of the Serpentine, over the deep part, when I saw a fellow, alone like myself, who was rowing a small skiff in a clumsy sort of way. He was about twenty yards from me when he upset. It had been obvious that he might do so at any minute. There was no one near us at the time.

"He started shouting and doing a lot of splashing about and was in a hopeless panic. It was clear that if I rowed my skiff towards him he would upset it. In any case it could not hold us both. His own skiff was rapidly sinking.

"I jumped into the water, of course. I got to him, managed to stop his struggles, and somehow or other got him across the twenty or thirty yards to shallow water and the land. He could not swim and we were both about done."

"But why," I asked in amazement, "do you say 'of course' you jumped into the water?"

"Surely," he frowned, "that is the whole point. In this case I knew nothing about the man. For all I knew he might have been of the greatest importance to somebody—a wife or children, or an invalid mother. How the devil can I say what the importance is of a man whom I've never met? Naturally, it did not take me two seconds to decide."

He went on, still speaking in an annoyed way—

"That is what people could not seem to understand. They thought it was remorse repentance or some equally anaemic motive.

"It took some time to pump the water out of me, and when I came to I found they had taken me to a hospital. They kept me there until next day, when I found that the papers had got hold of the story and were writing their interpretation. 'Col. Hayling makes good,' and slush off that kind.

"Zeta and the Foreign Office both asked me to call on the same day. I went to both. I renewed my offer to go to the Sudan and

was accepted.

"But first I had been to Zeta at the house in Belgrave Square. She told me that she understood now my whole attitude, and asked me to give her back my ring; but I was not satisfied. I know quite well that she did not understand. She only thought, with the rest, that I had wiped out the stain.

"It took me longer to decide, though. It was a good deal worse than rat drowning. It must have been half a minute before I could say that I would not marry her. And I went away from Belgrave Square.

"It was only right, you know," he explained, "one must have the courage of one's convictions."

It was then—we were crossing the Thames at Albert Bridge—that I said I should have done the same thing at every stage if I had had the courage. And he had rather puzzled me by objecting.

"Yes, but was it courage?"

"Well, anyway," I prompted him, "you volunteered for this very nasty job in the Sudan."

"Yes, but I have come back."

"Because you have forgotten something?"

We slowed down. A temporary block in the traffic held us.

"I had forgotten that life would be intolerable without Zeta," he said; "but I came back because I know perfectly well that it was pride, not courage, that made me refuse her and take the Sudan job. For that reason and, mark you, for that reason only, I propose to withdraw my offer of service."

"I am not bound to the Government by any considerations of honour," he went on. "I volunteered for the job; now I don't volunteer. It will not be pleasant to say so, but it is the only right thing to do. And I want, by keeping a certain appointment, to do one thing in life that no one can say is not courageous."

I thought of the half-dozen medals and bars that he was entitled to wear for bravery in battle; but, of course, people don't bother much about medals when a war is over.

He set me down at my door.

"So you are off now to keep a four o'clock appointment at the Foreign Office?"

The chauffeur let in the clutch and the big car started to roll on again.

"No," he said, "at Belgrave Square."

Brown (describing holiday in America); "It's really marvellous the wonderful force Niagara has. Do you know, when we first saw it, my wife could not speak for a full minute."

## TROPHIES IN SOLID SILVER



### International Jumping Trophy

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL WINTER FAIR

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## Sports

### CAVALRY BARRACKS ANNUAL ROAD RACE

Conditions for the Cavalry Barracks Annual Road Race, to be held on Thursday, December 2nd, 1926. Time of start, 2.45 p.m.

#### Starting Point

The Barracks gate. All competitors will run to the rendez-vous, which is on the road north of the Roman Catholic church in Iberville, running in a north-easterly direction to Iberville Junction. Rendez-vous marked by a Union Jack.

The senior of each team will report to the judges at the rendez-vous when 10 men of their respective teams are ready to start.

#### Course

Road running N.E. through Iberville to Iberville Junction; then due south to first cross-road north of C.V. Railway tracks, then due west, and return to Main Gate at Cavalry Barracks via any route, but the river must be crossed by the Gouin Bridge.

#### Turns

Clerks of the course will be stationed at each turn who will observe that competitors are running a true course. All competitors must call out their name and team when rounding the last turn, i.e., corner of Sabrevois Road and the first road running north of the C.V.R.R.

#### Points

Points for the Challenge Cup as follows:

1st man to complete the course, 50 points; 2nd, 48 points; 3rd, 46 points; 4th, 44 points; and so on until the 21st man is in, who will receive 10 points. All remaining competitors finishing within eight minutes of the winner will receive two points.

#### Trophies

The Cavalry Barracks Challenge Cup to be held for the year by the team gaining the highest number of points, at present held by 3rd Troop, "A" Squadron, R.C.D.

The Y.M.C.A. Cup to be held for the year by the troop of "A" Squadron, R.C.D., gaining highest number of points, and to become the permanent property of any troop winning it five times. It has been won four times by the 1st



Troop and twice by the 3rd Troop to date.

#### Prizes

Individual prizes awarded to the first six men to finish the course. Additional prizes will be awarded to the 1st and 2nd men of each team who complete the course, provided they have not finished within the first six mentioned above.

#### Dress

Team captains will see that all competitors turn out in suitable running kit, and will endeavour to have their team as uniformly dressed as possible in order to facilitate judging.

#### Officials

Referee — Capt. R. E. Balders, R.C.R.

Judges at rendez-vous — Capt. G. F. Berteau, R.C.D., and Capt. A. Nicholls M.C., R.C.R.

Clerks of the course — S.M.A. (W.O.I.) J. Mountford, R.C.D.; S.M.I. (W.O.I.) J. H. Dowdell, R.C.D. (I.C.); Q.M.S.I. R. J. Brown, R.C.D. (I.C.); Sgt. Instr. G. C. Hopkinson, R.C.D. (I.C.); Sgt. J. Bazley, R.C.R.

Judges at finish—Major J. V. Williams, M.C., R.C.A.M.C.; S.S. M. C. W. Smith, R.C.D.; S.Q.M. S. J. Snape, R.C.D.; Sgt. S. Rayner, M.M., R.C.R.

Timekeepers — Capt. M. H. A. Drury, R.C.D., and F.Q.M.S. C. H. Hill, R.C.D.

Scorer—Q.M.S. W. T. C. Ellis, R.C.D.

#### BOXING

Arrangements were made recently with Mr. Wm. Armstrong, late instructor of the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association, to hold classes in boxing in the gymnasium at the Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, on three evenings a week. These classes have now been in progress for about a month, and the venture may be termed a decided success. Approximately from fifteen to twenty men are attending regularly and each evening there is a goodly number of spectators present. Both from his personality and knowledge of the art, Mr. Armstrong is undoubtedly an excellent instructor, and from the improvement made by most of his pupils it is easy to see that although it is something like eighteen years ago since Mr. Armstrong was in the ring he can still very ably handle the game.

Last week Mr. Armstrong was accompanied by Mickey McGowan, the well-known Montreal boxer, until recently the amateur 126-lb. champion, who assisted with the class, and gave some very interesting exhibitions of sparring. Needless to say we are looking forward

to a very interesting boxing programme during the coming winter. It is intended to hold the first tournament of the garrison within the next few weeks, leading up to a more elaborate programme towards the end of January, and in the month of February to bring in some outside talent to match the men of the Garrison. The whole leading up to selection of representatives to compete in the provincial championships, and perhaps eventually to the Dominion finals.

#### FOOTBALL

As a result of inter-troop games between the troops of "A" Squadron during the past season, the 2nd Troop has been declared the winner of the Powell Cup. This cup was presented to "A" Squadron, R.C.D., for inter-troop football by Capt. Powell, R.C.D., now Lt.-Col. Powell, A.A. & Q.M.G., M.D. No. 6, in 1909. Unfortunately, although one of the oldest trophies in the regiment, it has only been possible, owing to the war, strikes, P.F. training, etc., to have this cup competed for on four occasions, it being won by the 3rd Troop in 1909, 1920 and 1923, and by 2nd Troop in 1926.

#### TORONTO ROYAL WINTER FAIR

We regret that at the time of going to press we are unable to give complete reports of the results obtained by representatives of the regiment at the Royal Winter Fair. The final selection of officers to represent Canada on the Canadian Officers' Jumping Team was Major R. S. Timmis, D.C.D., and Capt. Elliot, R.H.A., attached to the R.C.H.A. at Kingston. The team put up an excellent performance during the early part of the week, defeating the Belgian team by a score of 4½ faults to 8. The following night the French team defeated the Americans by a score of 12½ faults to 20½. Unfortunately in the finals, which took place on Friday last, the Canadian team dropped to third place, the competition being won by France, with the Belgians second. In the Officers' Charger Class, Major Timmis, on red ribbon, Capt. J. Wood on "Royceandra" second, and Capt. L. D. Hammond on "Witchcraft" "General Toby" was awarded the third. Major Timmis on "Bucephalus" and Capt. S. Bate on "Bobs" have also figured in several individual awards, a complete list of which we hope to publish next month.

## The Historic Richelieu Valley

(By Major the Rev A. H. Moore, M.A.)

#### PART V.

One passes very easily from these instances of "live ramparts" indeed to the years of the Great War, when the only occupied military post along the Richelieu, the St. Johns barracks, was the training ground for one such rampart after another, recruited elsewhere but brought to St. Johns for final training before being built into the great rampart over in France and Flanders. Few other places in all Canada saw so many units mobilized and sent overseas to join the Canadian Expeditionary Force. First went "A" Squadron of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, stationed at St. Johns when war broke out. The gallant 22nd French-Canadian Battalion, under Colonel Gaudet, was mobilized and trained here in the winter of 1914-15. They were followed by 500 remounts, under Colonel M. A. Piche, who brought the free atmosphere of the plains of western Canada. Then came the glorious 87th Grenadier Guards, in December, 1915, for five months' training, under General F. S. Meighen. The 117th Eastern Townships Battalion mobilized and trained here for a few weeks in June, 1916, and in the autumn of that year the Canadian Engineer Training Depot was established here under Colonel W. W. Melville. Under him over ten thousand men and upwards of four hundred officers were trained, while Machine Gun Corps, Central Ontario and Western Ontario regiments were here for a time, also an Alberta unit and upwards of 5,000 Poles. Surely we may claim that history was in the making at

#### WEAPON TRAINING

The following awards of badges won during the annual weapon training of the R.C.D., for the year 1926, have been recorded in Regimental Orders:

Best Regimental Shot, combined Rifle and Light Automatic, W.O.'s S/Sergeants and Sergeants, Farrier Sergeant F. Sturgess, "B" Squadron, score of 223, entitled to Crown and Crossed Rifles and Wreath.

Best Regimental Shot, combined Rifle and Light Automatic, Other Ranks — Cpl. W. E. McKerrall, "A" Squadron, score of 286; entitled to Star, Crossed Rifles and Wreath.

Best Squadron Shot, combined Rifle and Light Automatic, "A"

this point on the Richelieu in these stormy days when St. Johns was simply thronged with a continuous stream of these glorious men—all eager to get overseas and do their bit for liberty and civilization. St. Johns has been privileged to welcome back the unit that made up its garrison when the war began—"A" Squadron, Royal Canadian Dragoons, the depot being now under the command of Major Douglas B. Bowie, D.S.O.\*

And here I must conclude these papers. I must now leave it to the reader to decide whether I have established the claim, stated at the outset, that the Richelieu is liquid history. Before I conclude, I wish to make one or two closing observations.

The first is prompted by a common confusion into which even McMullen, one of our own historians, has fallen concerning the Eastern Townships. I would venture to point out that these Townships only touch the Richelieu on a small portion of its eastern bank in the County of Missisquoi. The eleven counties so styled all lie east of the river, and were so named because, instead of being granted as seigneuries or manors, they were surveyed into townships and then thrown open to settlers, — mostly English. In the days of conflict between the Council and Assembly of this province the latter body

\*The present barracks at St. Johns were built in 1839 at a cost of £17,331 and were designed to afford accommodation for 3 field officers, 27 officers and 800 men, with a hospital having a capacity for 56 patients. To the buildings then erected have since been added several others, including the beautiful stables, riding school, guard room, etc. Around the barracks stretch spacious training areas. Taking everything into consideration, St. Johns contains one of the finest and best equipped military posts in Canada.

Squadron, Tpr. G. W. Harrington, score of 239.

"B" Squadron, Tpr. J. Jennings, score of 267; Star and Crossed Rifles.

"A" Squadron being the best shooting squadron of the regiment for the year 1926, the Troop Sergeants and Section Commanders who took part in the annual classification are entitled to the badge — Crown and Crossed Rifles.

Lists showing those entitled to individual badges as marksmen and light automatic gunners were published in our issue of September last.



actually denied representation to this English district in the Townships containing upwards of 30,000 settlers!

I would like in passing to mention that tardy recognition of the historical character of the Richelieu has been given by the taking over of Fort Chambly and Fort Lennox by the National Parks Commission. These will be preserved as shrines of Canadian history. St. Johns has been selected as an historical site that is to be suitably marked. In time perhaps Lacolle Mill and Odelltown Church will be thus honoured. This is splendid work, for as the Hon. Joseph Howe once wrote: "A wise nation preserves its records, gathers up its monuments, decorates the tombs of its illustrious dead, repairs its great structures, and fosters national pride and love of country by perpetual references to the sacrifices and glories of the past."

Then, I remember that it was in this quiet and pastoral valley that the tri-colour was first unfurled and defended under fire as the symbol of revolt against British institutions and British rule. The tri-colour of Papineau and Brown and Wilfred Nelson was not the flag of Paris or of the French Republic. New France has no affinity with the flag of the French

Revolution and the circumstances that established it in the old land. It was the flag of rebellion, pure and simple, of free thought, of liberty, equality and fraternity, if you will. True, it symbolized ambition for French domination, but it also stood for the extermination of English prestige and authority. It stood for the independence of Quebec, within Canada, perhaps, but independence just the same. So I ask myself what it means today as it floats along the Richelieu and the Union Jack is often conspicuously absent. It was unfurled in 1837 as a symbol of revolt against British authority. I refuse to allow it that significance as it floats today, and I look upon its use as an unhistorical and mistaken effort of French-Canadians to witness to their racial descent and heritage. With that ambition the English-Canadian can have no quarrel. The coat-of-arms recently adopted for this great Dominion allows and recognizes that ambition as proper and legitimate, but it enables that ambition to express itself in a proper manner. The flag of the old French regime was the Fleur-de-Lys, the golden lilies of Old France. It was the banner of her Catholic kings, her chivalrous courts, her cultured and adventurous people. The Tri-colour pre-

serves none of the traditions of the old French regime. Consequently the Fleur-de-Lys is emblazoned on Canada's coat-of-arms, the Unicorn supports a banner bearing this device, and in this correct historical design we witness to the blending of the two streams of culture, the one following the Fleur-de-Lys, the other the Union Jack, that have borne to us the civilization and institutions that prevail in the Richelieu valley today. As time goes on hopes the accuracy and significance of what is set forth on our coat-of-arms will be accepted as sufficient for all races and creeds and that the jarring note associated with the Tri-colour (for it is either the flag of a foreign power or the symbol of a protest against the Union Jack) will pass away through disuse. No more beautiful combination for a nation can be suggested than the Fleur-de-Lys, itself a cross, and the three crosses that make up the flag of the British Empire.

Our ambition certainly is that the age of strife should be forever left behind and that the future should smile upon a united people, each race or class or section of which should be most active in building its quota of national tradition, culture and strength into the greater nationhood of the future. And as for the valley of the

Richelieu, before which each succeeding year enhances the prospect of great and peaceful development, I know of no sentiment more timely and necessary than that which Denis A. McCarthy has breathed into the following poem:

"This is the land where hate should die;

No feuds of faith, nor spleen of race,  
No darkly-brooding fear should try  
Beneath our flag to find a place.  
Lo, every people here have sent  
Its sons to answer Freedom's call,  
Their life-blood is the strong cement  
That builds and binds the nation's wall.

"This is the land where hate should die;

Though dear to me my faith and shrine,

I serve my country well when I  
Respect beliefs that are not mine.  
He little loves his land who'd cast  
Upon his neighbour's faith a doubt,  
Or cite the wrongs of ages past  
From present rights to bar him out.

"This is the land where hate should die;

This is the land where strife should cease;

Where foul, suspicious fear should fly  
Before our flag of light and peace.  
So let us purge of poisoned thought  
That service to the State we give,  
And thus be worthy as we ought  
Of the great land in which we live."

"What was the text of the sermon today?"

"He giveth His beloved sleep."

"Who was there?"

"All the beloved, apparently."



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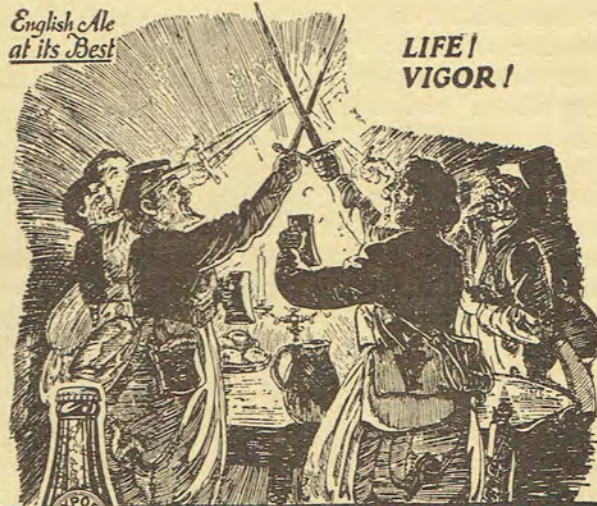
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